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LECTURES

ON THE

GLORY OF COLUMBIA;

EMBRACING

A SUCCINCT ACCOUNT OF NUMEROUS EVENTS

FROM

THE LANDING OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE WHOLE INTERSPERSED WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE LIVES AND ACTIONS

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY AND LAST WARS,

OFFICERS AND MEN.

ALSO,

OF A NUMBER OF EMINENT CIVILIANS

WHO HAVE FLOURISHED WITHIN OUR REPUBLIC FROM ITS FORMA-
TION UP TO THE PRESENT DAY.

BY JOHN SMITH HANNA,

Author of the Revolutionary Life and Services of Captain Samuel Dewees.

EMBELLISHED WITH A NUMBER OF ENGRAVINGS.

Over the glad waters of the dark blue Sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam,
Survey our EMPIRE and behold our HOME,
Far as winds can dash the clouds, up Heavens's steepest ethereal crag
Thus far, be that Home—dove-d—high fixed and firm her FLAG,

Baltimore:

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HILL OF SCIENCE;

OR,

TRAVEL AND LABOR OF GENIUS.

KEY TO THE FRONTISPIECE.

Travel of Genius from the stoop of Ignorance up the rugged pathway towards the fruitful and elevated fields or plains of Science.

- 1st. Genius wading through adversity, laden with Poverty, carrying the key of the ———, of study, and of strength, welcomed by friends and beset by an infernal banditti called Furies.
- 2d. Demoniac Ignorance, seated at the foot of the Mount, enwrapped in weeds, i. e. his own Ignorance, and the Ignorance of many, drawing Genius back by a cord.
- 3d. Prejudice in the act of hurling a javelin, is prevented by Perseverance, who is about to cut the cord on which he is standing.
- 4th. Perseverance in the act of cutting the cord, precipitates Prejudice to the ground.
- 5th. Good Humor, tickled at the action, cannot help expressing himself on the occasion.
- 6th. Resolution, accompanying Genius, encourages him in ascending the Hill of Science.
- 7th. Discord knocked down with the key of strength, lies sprawling under the feet of Genius.
- 8th. Envy seated upon the rock of spleen.
- 9 and 10th. Injury and Insult, two démons of no little notoriety, approach in a menacing manner, but are deterred by Moderation.
- 11th. Moderation engaged in restraining Injury and Insult.
- 12th. Scorn standing on the side of the way, seems to derive a secret or innate satisfaction from an opportunity offering in which he can indulge in pointing and laughing—admirable weapons.
- 13th. Virtue by the side of Patriotism, welcomes Genius forward, in language, tender and expressive.
- 14th. Angel soaring overhead bearing wreath, and pointing to crown of reward on the Hills of Holiness, addresses Genius.
- 15th. Sensibility (Nature's ornament) seated upon the rock of Maiden tenderness, expresses her desires in few words.
- 16th. Health bearing the *Balm* of consolation and life, welcomes Genius upward.
- 17th. Friendship advancing declares her power and province.
- 18th. Hope pointing to Freedom's Liberty cap, and Plains of Science, encourages Genius in his ascent thither.
- 19th. Toleration seated below (upon the rock constitution,) reading responds to Scorn, Envy and Discord, reprimanding them severely for their harsh conduct towards Genius, and their unjustifiable course of lawlessness.
- 20th. Calumny with Demoniac expression of countenance, appears at the mouth of his cavern and is preparing to let fly a dart at Genius, but is deterred by the sudden approach of Friendship. He contents himself at this time, however, by threatening.
- 21st. A Muse seated upon a moss-covered rock with an Irish or David's Harp in hand, encourages Genius onward with his sweet voice, and Heavenly enrapturing sounds and words of truth in counsel, welcomes him as a laborer for the Prince of Peace.
- 22d. Patriotism with virtue at his side leans upon the sword of Freedom—of command, and welcomes Genius onward in his labors for his country.
- 23d. Revenge, armed, and in a menacing attitude boasts of his untenable powers.
- 24th. Prayer at the rugged steep—overjutting, engaged in fervent supplication at a Throne of Grace for enduring strength for Genius.

- 26th. Modesty standing behind the Muse of Inspiration, welcomes Genius to the fountain of Freedom—of purity on the first Plains of Science.
- 26th. Mercy standing upon the Rock of Eternal Ages, hovering with expanded wings, the "Infants" carried thither by the labors of Genius.
- 27th. First Plain of Science on which stands Fountain, Books, Maps, Charts &c. &c.
- 25th. Fountain from which gushes forth in one steady and unabated flow the pure and crystal waters of freedom—of Liberty—of Right and Independence untrammelled.
- 29th. Rugged Steep or overjut that leads from the First to the Second Plain of Science—seemingly inaccessible; but industry, patience, perseverance, resolution and Divine Strength imparted can and does ensure success in all laudible enterprizes—success in this.
- 30th. Eagle, loud screaming Bird of Liberty perched upon the overjut—the lofty Bird of his Columbia that no marksman can hit.
- 1st. Genius. Better he seeking to avoid *a cell* in a state's prison, or a lofty *exit* from life between the Heavens and the Earth. Welcome thou Free Native Emblem of my Columbia's Liberty and strength—my companion of the night in the bush, thy loud screamings of Liberty possess no terrors for me, go soar the Heavens unmolested and free as the mountain winds of my own native land. Although I see thee not oft, I can hear of thee still.
- 31st. Dove of Peace hovering over the greatest suffering grounds of Genius.
- 32d. Second Plain of Science upon which stands the Temple of Genius.—*Temple of Liberty—Temple of Virtue*, beyond which are to be seen, the High Hills of Holiness.
- 33d. Patience seated upon the Rock of Promise, by prayer to God and faith in his promises is the Hand-maiden of Genius in his severest and sorest conflicts and struggles.

LANGUAGE OF EACH CHARACTER.

- 1st. Genius. Friendship, thou oft makest glad the heart, and thou too, hope, joyous hope, oft smoothest life's rugged pathway, let all the furies rave, I carry this key as my strength and passport to yonder Plains.
- 2d. Demoniac Ignorance. I will draw you back to the stoop—to my own level.
- 3d. Prejudice, I have been the means of burying thousands of projects with their inventors, and your grand designs of glory in the future, I will also destroy.
- 4th. Perseverance. Vile bragadoecia, get thee hence—Genius this much I do for you and the breath of omnipotence can do much, much more—can blast your enemies and their every effort into the dust of death.
- 5th. Good Humor. Ha, ha, ha. I have been looking to see you turn a summerset, recollect, Prejudice, the old adage: "they who live in *glass-houses* should not be the first to throw *stones*."
- 6th. Resolution. Be firm, Genius, pursue an onward course, nor cast one longing, lingering look behind; I will accompany you and be your support.
- 7th. Discord. What the devil is in the country? a fellow is hardly up until he is knocked down again. Oh my! oh my horn, my horn, its broke, its broke.
- 1st. Genius. If you are not satisfied with that fall, up and get you a new horn and I shall give you another tumble and shall break that also—but recollect one thing, every fall the harder to the last fatal one.
- 8th. Envy. My venom well chewed will hinder your ascension.
- 9 and 10th. Injury and Insult. We are not slack to do injustice; nor do we consult the feelings of any.
- 11th. Moderation. Beware, act more leniently. Are you both devoid of feeling? Shrink from the onset with shame.
- 12th. Scorn. I will point and laugh, if I can do no more. Ha, ha, ha.
- 13th. Virtue. Thou hast our wishes, and thou shalt have our aid—speed thy way hither.
- 14th. Angel. Genius, here is a wreath of honor but it deserves not a name, beside yonder Bright Crown upon the Hills of Holiness. Through the chamber of the *vista* dost thou not behold it. Thy crown—thy reward is glory. Onward my son and fear thee not. "*Lo I am with thee*" is the spirit's watchword and faith's countersign of thy God.
- 15th. Sensibility. Oh, had I power, how cheerfully would I aid thee, summon unto thyself that innate courage by which on have so often inspired thyself when ascending thither, prayer is help and for thee it shall ascend.
- 16th. Health. I hold the healing balm, broad is the latitude reserved unto himself by Gilead's God. "If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee, follow thou me." Onward my son with renewed vigor, it is my province to prepare the *balm* of life.

- 1st. Genius. Nature is sovereign in the hands of a sovereign God. If he wills it, it is done. If he but speak the word he is obeyed, and if he commands it standest fast whatsoever he dost command. He is all sufficient. He it is that prepares and fits the back for the burthen. He it is that tempers the winds to the shorn lamb. And he it is, who if he says "fear not my son, lo I am with thee, still and shall be unto the end." If he speaks thus, faith's sunshine must dissipate all fear, although life be put upon the narrow *isthmus* that divides time from eternity.
- 17th. Friendship. I will befriend—I am the offspring of a noble mind—therefore it is my province—this, the height of my ambition to prepare life's serviceable and sunny solace, calumny hide thee in the rotten core of thine own insignificance.
- 18th. Hope. Seest thou, through the *vista* of futurity, that bright and luminous Liberty cap whose rays are to cover the whole earth—that bright hallowed and unwaning day star of Peace—rewards of thy labors? Retrace not your steps, follow on, though arduous be the task. I am your inseparable companion by the way.
- 19th. Toleration. Shame, Scorn, do you arrogate to yourselves the power of condemning? to err is human; to forgive is divine. And you Envy what fault have you to find with him who labors not on any man's foundation? go find thy parallels in toads and venomous beasts, in mewling cats and snarling dogs; and you too Discord, he'll level you fast as you mount the stump to sow the seeds of dissension in the glorious Realm of a Divine Master. It is the folly of hell in you to think to do as you will.
- 20th. Calumny. The lamb is no better in my eyes than the wolf, I can and will poison Friendship's cup.
- 21st. Muse. For thee Genius will I unlock, the secret and hidden fountains of all knowledge.
- 22d. Patriotism. For thee I hold the sword and with the firm grasp of courage will I retain it, speed thee hither, we accept thy offered friendship and well timed aid, thou hast our wishes and thou shalt have our aid also.
- 23d. Revenge. I am armed for the combat and I will be avenged at the price of blood. Nought but blood will satisfy me—I am prepared.
- 1st. Genius. "Prepared" yes for a fall, how do you like the position of your companion and neighbor Discord in his headforemost slidings down to "Death's Shades" again, I carry such fellows no longer or farther than to where I find them out.
- 24th. Prayer. I will endeavor to obtain Heaven's strength to aid thee Genius in accomplishing your arduous tasks—particularly, when ascending this Rubicon ledge of to man seemingly impossibility, but with God all things are possible.
- 25th. Modesty. Better to retire behind Inspiration at home and dwell in the silence of hope's pleasures, by drinking deep from Wisdom's Golden Bowl, than be foremost in all the bubbles and brawlings of life's unsatisfying rounds of cheating, humbugs and lying vanities. I reserve myself in Nature's purity for the Grand Liberty Temple of my Lord—of my God.
- 1st. Genius. Thou shalt be safe Modesty in thine own determined and faithful reservation of thyself when all *deserters* shall tumble (from the worldly good they have sought) fast down the hill again without vision and without *glory*. Nothing that a Genius carries beyond the *overjut*, can remain upon the Mount and be unfaithful to the pure, coming glory of Earth's Supreme Majesty of Glory. Black hearted ingratitude, did he suffer manly, fearlessly and faithfully what voluntarily he undertook to suffer for you—did he dare death to rob him whilst you should stand *alone* battling for him, for home, and for God, in faith's *cheerfulness*—to rob him of you, but by taking you out of life through his *own* heart? Did he suffer as a voluntary hostage in "Death's Shades" for *you*—that he might put glory upon the head of a despised Galilean Prince of Eternal Glory—the Prince all Glorious and Invisible of his Nation's Peace? Yes he did, but this can avail you *nothing* now. The die is *cast*, the Dove of Peace has *flown*, never to return to *you* again.
- 33d. Patience. Genius remember "the Kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ."

"He'll call on me, I'll answer him;
I will be with him still
In trouble to deliver him;
And honor him I will."

P R E F A C E .

THE author has often regretted that books possessing biographical sketches of the lives of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence and of many of the Noble Heroes of the Revolutionary and last wars—of many of the civilians who have acted a prominent part upon the theatre of action within our glorious republic should be found only in books of high price, thereby barring very many readers in indigent circumstances from acquiring a correct knowledge of men and things, especially in those portions of the country remote from the great reading marts where Libraries are established and many other facilities afforded to young readers who can claim nothing as their inheritance but poverty.

Believing that a work such as the author proposes, will have a tendency to promote a knowledge of the country and of her great ones, and assist materially in fixing events and a knowledge of characters firmly in the minds of his readers, and operate as a class-book to initiate them into the vast field of a more abstruse knowledge upon the subjects he proposes to treat of.

An apology perhaps is due for the free use he has made of poetical effusions. Prose writings interspersed with poetry from the pens of gifted authors he looks upon as he does upon a verdant landscape, on whose face rises prominently into view the beautiful laurel evergreen, and its God formed and finished flowers of the most exquisite loveliness, or verdant ever flowering aromatic magnolia of rich and sublime grandeur. He has endeavored to enrich the present volume with some very elegant pieces of poetry. That they possess the true flame of an exalted and undying patriotism, brilliancy, sublimity and morality of sentiment, chasteness of thought, flowing in strains of the *free*, he leaves his readers to judge. He wishes in their use to establish a kind of court of the graces, at the levee of which he desires our patriotic youth of both sexes to be in attendance for the purpose of cultivating and polishing the taste, enriching the understanding, animating and warming their bosoms with the glow of patriotic fervor, binding more closely thereto, the principles of a true, intrinsic and lasting patriotism, and lastly, of bettering the heart? He wishes in catering deep to open up a fountain at which our patriotic youth may drink in large draughts of satisfying waters of poetic purity. Those pieces that are original, he hopes will also meet with the approbation of his readers.

As regards his introductory Lecture, it will be at once apparent that his object is to aid Parents, Teachers and Pupils, by his instructive counsels and show that the human mind by certain contingencies is often cast down from her sublime abode and is made to occupy a subordinate station to those things that instead of

being suffered to be instruments to cause her to relinquish her high, honorable and superior elevation and become a cringing vassel or subordinate thereto ought to be tramped by her in her gigantic tread and be held in subjection to her glorious steppings of stateliness. That mind should be made to succumb to a base inferiority ought never to be the case in any country, especially in a republic where the freedom of speech and the liberty of the press are so gloriously guaranteed to its humblest citizens.

God having left the human will free to act upon just principles, the mind of man within my country in its proper sphere of action is, and ought to be free and independent as the mountain winds of his own native Columbia.

Making little pretensions to scholarship and far less to that of being a pedant, he can assure his readers he has one motive (as regards education) which is paramount to all others, this, a desire of instructing confidently in accordance with his own experience and tendering aid to young mental strugglers in their outset efforts to climb the Hill of Knowledge. And as a last effort upon his own part within the confines of a preface he would observe, there is great encouragement to youth offered in past history.

Judge McLane, (now of Ohio,) was a self educated man.

Benj. Franklin, was a Tallow Chandler then a Printer, do.

Roger Sherman (signer of Declaration,) Shoemaker, do.

Daniel Webster a farmer's son and Plough boy.

Christopher Columbus a Weaver.

Dr. Goldsmith an assistant in an Apothecary shop.

Robert Burns (poet,) was a ploughboy.

Rev. John Brown of Haddington, was a poor herdsman's boy.

Bloomfield a sweet (rural) poet, was a cobbler.

Milton was a street Inspector.

Fulton was educated in a common school.

Rittenhouse (philosopher) was also.

West the celebrated portrait painter was also.

Washington's education was little over that of a common school education.

Jackson's education was of a similar kind.

Simon Snyder, nine years Governor of Pa. was a self taught man, and a tanner by trade.

Youth, receive my counsels and let industry, morality, patriotism and true religion prevail as constant habits with you in quest of knowledge and blessings most unquestionably will attend you.

That his readers may be amply repaid for their toil in a perusal and that his humble efforts to instruct may be crowned with an entire success, is the ardent desire and prayer of the

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE
TO
A COURSE OF LECTURES
ON
THE GLORY OF COLUMBIA,
DELIVERED AT HAMPSTEAD, MARYLAND.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

UNDER what circumstances are we assembled together. Can it be possible that we have come together to satisfy an idle curiosity. If so, we have lost sight of one very important item in the catalogue of mental pleasures. If so, we have lost sight of mental improvement altogether—mental improvement, which is not only an enlarged, but a grand item in the aggregate amount of all our rational enjoyments.

Having come to this place in order to participate in the “feast of reason and the flow of soul,” the results of intellectual caterings or mental exercises for our mutual gratification.

Having come for the purpose of receiving instruction—for the purpose of being edified by our social intercourse—by our social exertions, I am the more willing to acknowledge my belief, that an idle curiosity has not been your prompter in propelling you forward.

Having come for the purpose of blending my interests with yours in the acquirement of knowledge, I am the more willing to suppose that you have come for a purpose not dissimilar in its nature. Thus stating, I throw myself upon your kind indulgence upon this, and all other occasions.

That learned and celebrated jurisprudent, Lord Bacon, was asked upon one occasion to what he owed his great knowledge. “To this” said he, “that of not being ashamed to ask for information when I needed it.”

Who is he that is so learned, that he needs not to be more learned? Who? He who of all obtruders is the most obtrusive—an empty self-conceited fool. I became wise, said another celebrated writer, when I began to know that I knew nothing.—When I began to know myself a fool.

If the exertions and results of exertions can be pushed in their infinite progressions throughout all eternity to come in the acquirement of knowledge, do we not all need information?—Most unquestionably we do.

The incomprehensible and incommunicable God that fills immensity, has marked all things with the seal of his unfathomable intelligence throughout the whole economy of nature. The impress of whose mighty power and transcendent skill and excellence of workmanship is as beautifully and forcibly developed in the formation of the warbling songsters of the forest, in their glossy plumage of exquisite natural beauty,—in their fine toned enrapturing notes of sweetest melody as in any thing that falls within the range of the human eye. Yes, as faithfully impressed upon the butterfly of the field—the loathsome caterpillar, with wings of transparency that are studded with a variety of the most lively and lovely colors—as profoundly impressed upon the chiming rill which chants forth in its meanderings the continued praises of its great Author—an impress as faithfully and magnificently evinced in the creation of these, methinks as could be displayed in the construction of a globe that wheels its course through the illimitable fields of an eternally created space. The cry was, “great is the goddess Diana of the Ephesians,” but how totally annihilated becomes the expression when laid along side of this one, great is the Lord God of Heaven.

“Flow on thou bubbling, sparkling rill,
And as thou runnest, sparkle still,
And cease thy music never;
My lingering thoughts shall dwell with thee,
Although thy gentle murmurs be
Unheard by me forever.”

If after the contemplation of man, of woman, created in loveliness and true holiness—created but a little lower than the angels—created with countenances erect and with the mighty impress of God’s own image sublimely bestowed upon them, we find that the declaration of that God is, that men, that women in their highest intellectual endowments, lofty earthly grandeur, pomp, magnificence and superb glories, fall far short of the sweet winning glories attendant upon the modest lilies of the field. If that declaration be true (which none dare doubt) should we not adopt the language of the sweet singer of Israel. “*What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him.*”

“He that looks forth on shrub and tree
In vernal beauty smiling;

Or hears the warbler's notes of glee,
 As if the hours beguiling—
 Or marks the nations of a day
 Upon the sunbeams floating ;
 Or watches in the fountain's spray
 The active fishes sporting—
 Yet nothing sees to make him glad,
 Or wake devotion's fire, is mad.

If worlds on worlds that round us turn,
 Sublime, exhaustless theme !
 And centres that in glory burn,
 Assert a great Supreme—
 Do not the breeze, the dew, the shower,
 The rill, the woody grove,
 The insect's life, the pencilled flower
 Show forth a Father's love !—
 Whoever on this earth hath trod,
 Is mad that saith "there is no God."

In man's contemplation of himself in his ingress into the world in his primitive state through his progenitor Adam—man at whose ingress from the hand of his creator, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy—in man's contemplation of the sublime works of that creator, of the existence, character, attributes and power of that God of all things and finisher of our faith, is there not an open and wide field spread out before the minds of finite beings—an expanse unbounded indeed—an expanse broad, long, high and deep as eternity itself. Unbounded, yet hedged and hidden from our view, mainly, through the agency of our common enemy—Ignorance.

If the allwise, beneficent and allglorious Master Builder of millions of planetary systems and tens of millions and millions of millions of globes, far more stupendous, far more grand, beautified, luminous and glorious than the one upon which we dwell, is enshrined beyond his Revelations to man in the immensities and essence of his own Eternal God-Head, what are the most learned amongst men—*living monuments of ignorance*.

The mind of man is a kingdom ; happy, thrice happy is he that is so greatly blest, as to be able to bear rule over it in a proper manner. How much more potent is the sceptre's sway, when the internal operations of this kingdom are bound together and strengthened by the ligaments of a proper education. How sublime are its researches ! How magnified in detail would be the aggregate of all its wonderful and beneficial researches in the past. How inconceivable then, those of the future.

How beautiful, how grand, how glorious beyond compare are

all the emanations of power within the kingdom of the mind, especially, when the supreme *Regency* is in the hands of reason and common sense. The presiding Muse has but to sound the tocsin, has but to appeal to the good sense, wisdom and patriotism of the subjects of this glorious *realm*—has but to despatch his official couriers to the east, the west, the north and the south bearing the broad notes of war, To Arms! To Arms! your country calls—has but to marshal his grand forces of efficiency—has but to utter the command of *forward* and his noble troops rush to the battle-field, to conquest, to victory, to triumph and to glory. Against and over what common foe? Against and over *Ignorance*.

The human mind is indestructible—the human mind, however encumbered or deprived it may be, its operations in the contingencies of this vexing and transitory life is ever alive, is ever active, is ever on the wing in mental struggles to follow its own polar stars, study and induction to the goal of attainment.

The human mind is co-existent in its existence with that Deity from whom it hath emanated, and in whose keeping it is, and into whose immediate presence it must soar, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, when this corruptible, shall have put on incorruptibility.

The human mind being indestructible, it follows then, that it is to be immortal, eternal in its expansions, eternal in its surveys and eternal in its progressive operations throughout the illimitable and eternally green fields of never ending bliss. This or eternally cramped and contracted in its awfully fearful wanderings, among the rocks of eternal darkness—of eternal despair—of eternal misery and of interminable woes beyond the tomb.

“The human soul is like the vestal’s fire,
Lit with a flame that never must expire;
And conscious of its destination high,
It fain would spread its angel wings to fly,
Soaring beyond the bounds of space and time,
To a more perfect and ethereal elime,
Where all its fairest hopes of bliss are won,
And every star is kindled to a sun.”

The soul of man is believed to be the immaterial or immortal spirit which inhabits the corporeal body. Did the Psalmist mean the corporeal body disconnected from the *will*, the *mind* and the *soul*, when he gave utterance to the devotional language in high praise of the Master Architect of the universe, “*fearfully and wonderfully am I made.*” I apprehend not. Permit me to ask, how will the following version of the Psalmist’s language be receiv-

ed by this audience? How beautifully adapted is each member and organ of this my body in their respondent actions of obedience to that soul and that will, with which thou O Lord hast been pleased to endow me, in the almighty exercise of thy creative energies.

How beautifully has Young expressed himself upon the soul.

~ soul

“The soul of man was made to walk the skies,
Delight in outlet of her prison here!
There, disencumbered from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers.”

However brilliant may be our contemplations of mind and of soul, there is something that arrests us as with magnetic attraction in our high careerings of mental pleasures on these mountains of sublimity—that draws us back to a common level, yea, oft to the very stoop of Ignorance.

How damped are we in the midst of all our contemplatory gratifications when we are met by the fact, a fact known unto all of us and that too, beyond the possibility of a doubt. What is this fact? What is it that stares us in the face and which we are more unwilling to encounter than the hideous and ghastly countenance of a demi devil? What is it? The treachery of memory.

Heaven, said a celebrated Divine of the olden day school.—
“*Heaven stands like a little mark in a wide field, but one way to hit it and a thousand ways to err from it.*” Earth and her tens of thousands of clogs, manacles and chains fastened upon the human mind, were the ties of toys terrestrial, alluded to by the immortal Young in his Night Thoughts.

The human mind is very correctly delineated with respect to its want of retentions, by the instructive Gisborne in his “Natural Theology.” The mind of man is like a granary in which a great quantity of grain is deposited, but perforated with holes, through which the corn is constantly trickling away.

O memory! faulty and treacherous as thou art, thou hast been the theme of inspired poets throughout all ages.

O memory celestial maid,
Who glean’st the flow’rets cropped by time,
And suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv’st the blossoms in their prime.

Bring, bring, those blossoms to my mind,
When life was new and Ellen kind,

O to my raptur'd ears convey,
The gentle things my friend would say.

Unequall'd virtues graced her breast,
I saw enraptured and was blest,
With thy loved friendship, oh how dear !
Were thy sweet accents to my ear.

But sickness undermining slow,
And death, hard, unrelenting foe,
From my fond hopes did cruel rend,
The tenderest spouse and sweetest friend.

“ Mind, in its *perfection*, is incomprehensible, and its seat is only upon the throne of Heaven.

Around us, we behold every work of the Divine Architect, moulded with exquisite symmetry, regularity, permanence and adaptation. Above, we admire the azured canopy, in whose bosom reign the Majesties of Heaven, with their glittering vesture ; the planets encircling each other in their fixed course, moving in delightful concert.

These, alone, evidence the existence of a Great Original, possessing power not seen by the limited capacities of man ; and benevolence not appreciated by him.

On men, the radiant beams of the supreme *mind* reflect their light ; and it is this only which ranks him over the world of exclusive animal appetites and passions. It is mind which assimilates him to his Maker. It is that which constitutes true superiority of one to another,—neither birth, wealth, nor popularity confer this. The man of humble parentage, who passes quietly through life, practising the cardinal virtues of the heart—guided by the promptings of good sense—though his name be scarcely known out of his own family circle, (or routine of business,) that man may possess more true superiority than many votaries of unbounded wealth, or slaves of popular feeling.

The mind of men, generally, are like the crafts on the bosom of the ocean, tossed about by wind and wave. They are like them, weak and unstable. Their course is directed by prejudice, or surrounding allurements.

In contrast, how firm the foundation, and beautiful the superstructure of a mind built by the hand of moral courage ; whose roof is the sanction of conscience and Heaven !

* * * * *

Observation satisfies us that man has accomplished considerable ; but reflect how many ages have passed away since the world's creation,—reflect on the innate *principles* of exertion, pow-

er, acquisition, and improvement, possessed by him ;—how much ought necessarily to follow. Can he then *deserve praise* from the author of his being ? Had man not so devotedly worshipped at the shrine of animal enjoyment, but had his offerings been led up to the altar of knowledge,—wisdom, power, and happiness would reign triumphant throughout the land, and praise crown the earth !

* * * * *

How felicitous is the harvest of a richly cultivated mind ! Its stalks do not shoot up and strengthen, nor its fruits ripen, in a day ; but time brings the seeds of knowledge to maturity, in its accustomed slowness but certainty.

* * * * *

How lasting are the monuments of true mental glory. They do not crumble into atoms with the bones of those whose names they commemorate, but stand unconquerable, and revered by mankind."

Here I pause, and observe that the part of my Lecture now approaching will (as is usual) have "holes picked" in it by certain envious characters with whom no man will ever wear well, should he possess abilities but a single shade above their own lofty (although empty) conceptions of themselves. Forgetting as they do, that my present Lecture is an introductory one, and not confined to any particular topic but touching on those subjects that shall be treated of in subsequent ones and bestowing a knowledge in a general outline as to the course to be pursued by myself, in my choice of what I shall deem to constitute the glory of my Columbia. If I shall be able to bring my readers with me in their approval of that course it shall afford me a great degree of pleasure. Great actions, actions all glorious in themselves I conceive, cannot be produced without great minds. By what may be deemed an erratic course, I wish to benefit, to infuse a spirit of emulation among my hearers (and readers) young daughters and sons. If in this, I shall be successful, I will willingly lie under the censures of fault finders.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I have commenced with mind and minds that have produced great actions will be found to constitute some of the viands with which my lectural board shall be spread for your entertainment in my subsequent lectures.

This being my intention, I feel myself therefore not only at liberty, but capable also to judge thus—that any set of principles or subjects, theoretically or practically, advanced or used for the purpose of developing the resources of the human mind and that will instil into the minds of those having the culture of minds under their care, any process, by which they can be enabled to do their high and imperative duty to the young, or, that may be used

(as I now design) to point out the pathway to youth and assist them in walking cheerfully, earnestly and respectably therein, I apprehend is by no means an unpardonable transgression in the eyes of parents who study aright, the welfare of their children. I shall now proceed with this portion of my Lecture, which done, I shall then offer a few remarks with regard to the subjects which shall be embraced in after Lectures; one remark in order to shut the mouths of the garrulous. With regard to my proposed management of children in their education; I possess a knowledge and that knowledge is of the best kind, having been founded on actual experience. I envy no man his abilities, be they small, or be they great. It is known of myself that I love to behold a natural mind develope itself—that I love to behold the possessor of a good mind, a natural (and not a hateful and affected or artificial) man or woman and to aid such has ever given me great pleasure; that such may be richly benefitted in time by my counsels, is my happy hope. As for throwing pearls before *swine* with the hope of ever beholding a return, proportionate to the exertion or to their value, is a hope all fruitless in itself.

Clogged and fettered as my mind may be and faulty as memory may be also, I invoking the instrumentality of both, am desirous of addressing you now and again upon a subject dear to my heart, a subject as unfathomable and inexhaustible, as it is unbounded and glorious.

That you may not have your expectations raised too high at the hands of those ever friendly, ever kind to me and that have always appreciated and warmly manifested a capacity upon my part. In order then, to set proper bounds to your expectations, I state, I am unlettered and unlearned, I am self-taught. It would be quite unnecessary perhaps for the author to state, that in a work of the kind as is here proposed much is looked for at the hands of an author. With regard to himself he can state he raises no claims to being a scholastic author. He is one of your self-taught men, having had the advantages of but *one month and five day's* schooling since in the *eleventh* year of his age. In making this statement he is not to be viewed as casting a single reflection upon his parents, by whom he was respectably reared and provided for in his youth. He was alone deprived of a classical education, through a father's losing by misfortune the earnings of twenty-five years of his life. If the work is not in itself calculated to meet with a general approval, allowances undoubtedly can and will be made for the author by the reasonable and well disposed among his readers, especially when they are told that he has culled, penned and prepared the present Lecture chiefly for the benefit of youth. Self-taught, pretending not to pos-

sess classical knowledge or classical abilities received at the hands of classical teachers, I am quite content to pass myself off upon this, and shall upon any other occasion, as I am in the habit of doing as a laborer in my avocation, for what I am worth and for no more, I have come to treat an audience with a becoming respect and expect to receive the same civilities in return. If I shall merit your approbation and respect I shall not fear that I shall receive disrespect at your hands. To do this, consistently with my principles, shall be my aim. I desire you to mark the declaration—consistently with my principles. I was born as every rational being is, possessed of a thinking and enquiring mind at the hands of an adorable Creator. A thinking and enquiring mind, by the aid of which, I have thought for myself, designed my own pathway and pin my faith to no man's sleeve, whether of clergy or laity, and have not only independence enough to pursue my chosen course, although not among myrtles and roses; but independence enough, to betray a knowledge of my principles on any and all necessary occasions. I never was a professor of religion in being attached in membership to any sect or denomination of worshipping people, I have a Testamentary legacy and free boon from my God, an Old Testament and a New one—a Bible, a glorious volume of the most rich and sublime truths—a volume, replete with the most grand and lofty kinds of instruction. Thus observing, I state therewith, that I am not ashamed of my God, that I am neither afraid nor ashamed to acknowledge that God, to be my Columbia's Sovereign, ruling, independent and invisible God all glorified, although he was the despised, forsaken and disowned, against whom the doors I may state of all earth were shut, were closed, were barred in earth's aristocratic, wanton cruelty and meanness.

My time is wholly occupied by day, and in a very perplexing avocation, that of teaching a country school. I state perplexing, although there are none perhaps to be found, that enjoy themselves in possessing more peaceful feelings when engaged in the duties of a school-master, than my humble self. Perplexing, yes, forty scholars large and small, (daily,) and each with a different disposition of heart and of mind, and not a few, possessing as many wants daily and as many admonitional corrections each, as I have scholars in my school. I do not mean to insinuate, that I am a tutor to an ungovernable school, of this, I leave my audience to judge, when I state, I entered upon my duties surrounded by scholars with whom I was altogether unacquainted, nearly three months of my time has expired and I have not had to sue but in one solitary instance to the Birch* clique to assist me in govern-

*Birch, a name frequently given to the rod of correction.

ing my little family. I choose rather to call into requisition, the dormant republican, patriotic, sensible and social principles or qualities of the mind and hearts of my scholars to aid me in drilling my entire school—to aid my scholars in governing themselves upon true principles—upon the principles of self government, this, rather than scrape any acquaintance with the Birch family. It is true, a Solomon has told us, that inasmuch, as there is folly bound up in the heart of a child, it should not be spared the rod of correction on account of its crying; but it is as true, that an infinitely greater than a Solomon has said “*suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*”

I have used the rod of correction, and when I have done so, I have taught at the same time by its judicious application, its use; I never do it however, unless it be in a forlorn hope, when the most turbulent passions exist, to engulf and drown the stellar virtues of childhood in its horrible vortex—when all the pleasing and amiable qualities are lost and reason becomes dethroned by means of so hideous a tyrant as *stubbornness*, then I use the rod as an auxiliary—as an entering wedge, through whose cleft I can introduce admonitional instructions to the mind and the heart. For this purpose (without anger upon the part of a tutor) ought it to be used and for this purpose alone. For the man who whips a child to gratify his own spleen, ought in his turn to be well whipped himself.

“Teachers of children should create the thirst and then offer the drink—produce and sharpen the appetite, and then merely say where the food can be found. A hungry child will find the cupboard, and a desire for knowledge will find its sources.

Teachers must study the springs of action in the human mind, and the laws of mental growth, and the various modes of stimulating faculties to activity.”

“The question might be asked why are not more of the young men of the country, now under the “sublime process” of self education. Many reasons might be given, among them, these, too poor, too timid, too indolent, and too careless. Man’s great object on earth is education; and the office of the Instructor, is simply, to prepare him to enter on his course, with ease and certainty of success.”

“Each faculty of mind was given to us by an Omniscient Being for important purposes, and a vivid conception, is not among the least to serve us in moral and mental good. But let it be perverted, let it be made subordinate to selfish passions, or allow it to be too busy with worldly desires, and there is nothing in the mind that so soon will work its own ruin, and make it insensi-

ble to that happiness, which it is our duty to seek. Oh! how oft does fancy weave the web of life of the most delicate texture, and dyed in the most brilliant hues, but how surely does stern, indifferent reality, with its strong finger draw away each lovely thread, and leave but a thin grey material, in which to clothe the ever coming future."

"The love of acquiring knowledge for the intrinsic pleasure it affords, is valuable and efficient as a motive with those chiefly, whose early training has been judiciously conducted, or whom the teacher has already succeeded in interesting in recent studies. Its efficiency will also depend on the power of the teacher to present the subjects of school knowledge in an interesting and attractive aspect."

"Where this is effected, the love or rather pleasure felt in acquiring knowledge, implanted in the mind by the beneficent Creator, doubtless for this very purpose, becomes a vigorous, steady, and increasing motive to improvement."

"As a youth advances in his education, especially if the time and opportunities allotted to that invaluable object be adequate to its importance, other motives of this class may be employed; among these is the love of knowledge for the advantages it confers; which, with youth who are taught to exercise reflection and forecast in their affairs, is often found to operate so as to produce all the application the most zealous and faithful teacher can desire."

"In close connexion with this, in the order of mental development, is the *love of character* for the value of it in society. This motive to right and commendable behaviour, as well as to application, deserves a higher place in the estimation of teachers than it has usually received. Its importance the moment the youth enters the walks of social life, is universally admitted."

"*Fear and shame*, the last in this class, are, notwithstanding, legitimate motives of interest. The ferule and the rod, as also the rebuke and reproach, are among the appointed means of wisdom. But the writer has no disposition to recommend a more frequent resort to these correctives, than what already prevails; on the contrary, the parent or teacher who makes a daily use of the rod, manifestly knows but little of human nature, and still less of the higher and more effective motives of education."

"In like manner, open rebuke, censure, and reproach before a school, are all appeals to a principle of shame, and, like the rod, they may prove efficient if very rarely introduced. In short, their good effect will usually be in almost exact proportion to their infrequency. But the daily resort to whipping, and especially to school-censure, which has originated that odious English word

scolding or *schooling*, cannot be sufficiently deprecated, either for its pernicious tendency on the feelings and tempers of children, or for its degrading effect on the really ennobling and exalted work of education; and the public would doubtless be the gainer, to give all such unskilful teachers, numerous as they are, a pension from the school fund, on condition that they withdraw from a business for which they are manifestly unfit."

My own method has ever been to admonish thus. Acquit yourselves honorably, do yourselves credit by an industrious application to study and to a faithful observance of all the good rules which I have established in my school—rules by which I desire you to be governed within and without the school-house. Do your parents credit, honor them by your good conduct, whilst with me and whilst from me and you will most assuredly confer all the honors on me that I am ambitious to receive at your hands as my pupils. This kind of reasoning I have often observed, has melted the hearts of many of my scholars into the tenderest resignation to my will, and produced a full flow of the most willing obedience—results that days, weeks, months and years of scolding and beating could never have effected—results that I their tutor could be proud of and rejoice over, as luxurious satisfying honours.

Every Master or Mistress when he or she first enters a school room upon duty, should study narrowly the nature, the bent of mind and make of affections of each scholar. I for my own part can safely state, that for the first week or ten days, I would assume an air of entire indifference as to order &c. but at the same time was busy in watching and carefully, the bent of nature in each child, and in making notes to enable me to do my high duty to them thereafter and as I found my children's natures, so I administered the correctives, either in a mild and encouraging form, or in a checking assumption of a stern and independent authority for the then (necessary) time being, careful and studious to win upon the affections and senses of such in every possible way, until a radical change would be effected, which has been often of an astonishing cast even to myself.

With fifty scholars around me, I have often pursued the following plan. I have lectured them upon the necessity of proper subordination and order in a school-room, the beauties of self-government, the propriety of scholars conducting themselves in an obedient manner willingly, the indulgence I felt bound to manifest to all such as should willingly conduct themselves in an orderly and proper manner—that I could not think of being feared by any scholar, and far less of not being properly respected, that I always endeavored to put myself in the room and stead o

a judicious parent—that I desired my scholars to view me as such, to approach me with the same confidence that a child naturally does a parent, that they should not only fear to offend, but to be always anxiously desirous not to offend—that they should view each other as so many brothers and sisters, and that the nearer they could cause my school to resemble a well conducted and agreeable family of children the more happy I should be, and the more pleasurable would be my arduous duties as their preceptor—that it was always an unpleasant task for me to use the rod of correction, but if I could not exercise and maintain a proper authority without it, I felt bound to use it, and should do so, however reluctant I might feel in appealing thereto—that whilst scholars would act in accordance with good counsels from a proper sense of duty to me, themselves, their parents and society in general, I viewed it as quite unnecessary to have a rod in my school-room, and would observe to my scholars, younger and older, you are all disposed to do the things that are right, without being whipped into obedience, it is unpleasant for me to have this rod about me—I would rather throw a dozen of rods out of my school-room than to be under the necessity of bringing one in; suppose we do try, all of us, to get along without the use of a rod, here (said I) goes for a trial and would open the school-room door and throw my rod far as I could throw it from the school-house. In this way I have very frequently succeeded in keeping a rod of correction* out of my school, for two, three and four weeks at a time. If I was proud of being instrumental in producing such a result for the sake of my own peace, theirs, and their ultimate good, how proud (does my audience suppose) were my scholars in their reflections upon the harmony and good will they were also instrumental in producing—proud in their sense of that mutual confidence and forbearance which existed between us, I as teacher and they as scholars.

Let a teacher's constant current of appeals be made to the imperishable possessed qualities of the child—to the infantile state of its reasoning powers and perceptions, and not to the *perishable*, although it, is capable of *feeling* and very acutely too, the force of *birch* appeals. Approach a child four, five, six, or eight years old and appeal earnestly and constantly to its reason and common sense, although small may be the streams of either and what will be the result? a yielding upon the true principles of mind in

*In the absence of a rod, I never resorted to the inhuman use of the ruler ferule, or any other weapon. The barbarous practice of slapping the palms of the hands of delinquent scholars with a rule ought not to be countenanced for a moment, and he that resorts to the still more inhuman and hellish practice of striking the points of a child's collected fingers with a rule, well deserves a severe castigation at the hands of a justly enraged parent, and a heavy hand inflicted upon him in law as his richly merited punishment.

exercise—obedience to the voice of reason—obedience to the voice of argument, and an obedience to the voice of example.

Permit me to give three or four instances of the very early emanations of mind in as many infants. I once became an inmate in a family within a mile of Pittsburg, I remained such for the space of six months. Possessing a fondness for the company of young children, I very frequently during leisure hours indulged in nursing a little child, which was not more than four month's old when I entered the family. This child, a female infant, became very much attached to me. So much so, that in the course of my six month's residence in the family it would refuse to go from me to its father, and would cry in its father's arms and refuse comforts and its peace until restored to my arms. Many were the little germs of mind pleasingly evinced by this little innocent during my stay. Sometime after I left the family, I went to home at a place called Briceland's Cross Roads, in Washington county and distant twenty-four miles from Pittsburg. Previous to starting, I visited the family and tied up some articles of cloathing in a handkerchief, and when about to leave, the mother with the little girl in her arms accompanied me to the outer or street door, I shook hands with the mother and then with the child, which, I had no more than done until it commenced crying very sorely. I started, and as long as I was in hearing, my little friend's cries could be heard by myself, who could scarcely hide my own emotions, wrought up within me by the little sorrowing child of gratitude and affection at our very unhappy parting.

I homed on a time six months in another family, twelve miles from Pittsburg in which was a little child, and which was weaned by its mother but a short time before I left the family. This little girl became warmly attached to me, and through my own indulgence at the first, I could not get away to my school after partaking of my breakfast each morning, until I took her to walk, sometimes to see the horses, other times the cows, sometimes the chickens and at other times the birds &c. Many were the germs of an expanding infantile intellect manifested by this little prattler also. One evening after returning from school, I took her up in my arms and carried her out to a field where her father was engaged in winnowing (cleaning) grain (with a wind-mill,) which had been threshed by a threshing machine from stacks which had been built in the field. I amused my little companion by turning the crank, wheels and fan of the wind-mill. After doing so I returned with her to the house, she having shown evident signs of being highly delighted with the excursion.

On the next morning after breakfast she appeared unusually

anxious to have her morning walk. I took her up in my arms and went out of the house proposing to go and show her the horses, she shook her head in token of no. I then proposed something else, at all of which she shook her head. Well (said I with an emphasis,) where shall we go? That moment she moved her right hand around in a circle imitating my actions on the evening before with the handle or crank to the wheels of the wind-mill, and as if to make me still more sensible of what she designed I should visit with her, she then pointed in the direction to where the wind-mill was in the field. Improving upon the hints afforded me by the child, I then carried her in my arms to the wind-mill, and after amusing her there, returned with her to the house, where she was quite satisfied to part with me until the evening as usual.

Three others I will instance, and shall then cease to trouble you further at this time with infantile or childhood reminiscences. I homed in a family in Fayette county, Pa. in 1840. In that family there was a little child which during the summer (about harvest,) had commenced to stand erect, at the side of a chair or any article to which she could cling. At the door leading from the kitchen to the setting room there were two steps to ascend in order to reach the sitting-room floor. Seeing my little companion striving often to ascend and descend the steps, and fearful lest she should fall out of the upper room when quailing and clinging to the door cheek, I took some pains to learn her how to creep down the steps as well up, which she soon as my pupil accomplished. One cool day in September, I was sitting at the upper room fire, and with my back partly to the door and engaged in reading. Whilst thus engaged, I heard the little innocent giving tongue in her struggles in coming up the steps, I cast a side look and beheld her creeping up the steps, and for sometime paid no attention to her, knowing at the same time that she had obtained the mastery and could ascend when she pleased. Still hearing her struggling in a direction towards the door, and knowing that she had spent a much greater time than necessary to bring her to me, I looked around and discovered, that as she attempted to rise to her feet, her little coats being lengthy, got under her feet and her weight kept them from coming out from under, and as soon as she would attempt to rise up, not being able to straighten herself, she immediately fell back again. I observed her to make several additional trials (for previous she must have made a number) before I spoke to her. At length, I said to her (when partly erect,) sit down again and pull your frock out from under your feet and then walk to me, speaking to her unthinkingly as though I spoke to one much older, what was my as-

tonishment to behold a child who but a very few weeks before, had launched forth in my presence to take her first walk around the room, without the aid of any thing to support her or by which she could cling to in that her first attempt? What? I ask was my astonishment to behold that child sit down the moment I bade her and pull her coats from under her feet in the precise manner in which I had told her—arise to her feet unmolested by her coats and then walk to me. To what were these infants indebted for such an expansion of their infant minds? To the force alone of a proper educatorial care. It was ever my habit to talk to infants as to grown persons. Ever in continuance, to name every word I addressed to them, as clearly and distinctly, as I ever was in the habit of doing to persons up in years. To this I could alone attribute such results, and would to God, that parents would follow such examples, for most assuredly, results similar would be the offsprings of their constant care in this respect. How shocking. How utterly at variance with every principle of right, to hear a father, a mother or a nurse mincing every word uttered to a child from the time of its birth, until it is four or five years old, instilling into its youthful mind improprieties of speech and vulgarisms, that all the art of well qualified teachers and their own exertions added, can never erase from the mind or tongue during a whole life time thereafter,—oh shame!

Lead on a time (after years of absence) in searching for a school to settle down at a schoolhouse situated on a farm on which resided (at a paternal uncle's) a little daughter of a (Dr. —) once most excellent (but then a deceased) friend, who bearing the impress of a father in her nature and the express image of his face in its every lineament, it is perhaps needless to state, that she became not only a particular favorite, but a very interesting little companion. Why? Because, when I looked upon the child, I could behold the face of my deceased friend—of a deceased father, in this little, nature gilded mirror of artless simplicity. Because nature and nature's God had endowed her with any thing else than a dumb spirit. She possessed an expanding mind and an enlarged understanding for one of her years (eight years old,) and her capacity being a good one, she improved in a very rapid manner (with an advantage only of instruction in common with her class mates in school hours) and gave great promise. To what was this attributable, she received no more lessons and no more care at my hands when in school than any other scholar? It was attributable to the advantages arising out of a continued converse with myself, counsels and instructions (not in the use of books) bestowed out of school. Improved rapidly, yes, in a three fold degree over all others of her age, (males and females) in the same

school—acquired knowledge rapidly, yes, so much so, as to warrant the expression, that she drank in instructions at my hands like water. I suppose I was not without the charge of partiality being preferred against me by certain envious persons, but what of that, I educated her not at the expense of justice to any other man's child. She was not suffered to treat any man's child with injustice on that account. In my own course I had nothing to upbraid myself with. After being under my care for some time, she like most other children would, showed a willingness to take advantage of my kindness, and take her own course. She was not of a turbulent or obstinate temper, but thinking in her confidence in me (looking to me as a parent) that I would not enforce obedience and for a time became obstinate, I called her back to her duties in a gentle but firm tone, but she persisted in keeping her position as firmly as I kept mine. I procured a very slender tickling switch, (the best weapon ever used in a school-room) and offered a free pardon for offences should she return to her duty. In consequence of my known attachments to her and the confidence placed in me she still refused. I at length used the rod, giving her not exceeding three cuts upon her shoulders, when she responded to the question, will you cease to disobey and return to your duty by answering, "I will." It was with the greatest reluctance that I resorted to the use of the rod. It was as daggers implanted within her, and her grief was immoderate and of that cast, that in the fulness of her heart it was like to break. After permitting her to retain her great mental agony for a time, the proper balm was tendered and accepted and the whole affair was forgotten. From that time, she never sought to take any advantage of my kindness and indulgence, but was as perfectly submissive in her obedience from a willing sense of her duty to me, herself and to her school-mates as any other child in my school, and indeed, I may state more so.

Last and not least, one whom I often nursed in infancy whilst residing in a family in another section of the country and who in a state of infancy gave strong proofs of its fond attachment, as well as of wisdom and strength of intellect. This little girl I have often had under my care as a pupil at several different periods since. She is entirely different in her nature from other members of her father's family. She too, possesses a mind that is rapidly expanding, and an enlarged understanding for one of her years. Her capacity for the reception of knowledge by a proper instruction bids fair, to be high, broad, long and deep. Wisdom is already deep seated within her. Nature gentle, passive, playful and innocent as a lamb, and without hazarding any thing by making the declaration, she could be pitted against seven out

of ten of the fence corner school-masters and school-mistresses, (who are thought by many to be the real simons and judy's pure) for correctness in pronouncing a great majority of words in the English Language, although she is now but twelve years old.

"What I most prize in woman is her" purity, her artlessness, her simplicity, her gentleness, her sincerity, her confidence—her affection, her intellect and her devotion. "Compare me with the great men of the earth—what am I? Why a pigmy among giants. But if thou lovest me—mark me, I say lovest—the greatest of thy sex excels thee not! The world of the affections is thy world—not that of man's ambition. In that stillness"—the stillness of a mind richly endowed—in that stillness of a heart rightly trained, and "which most becomes a woman, calm and holy," thou who art all love, all gentleness and all perfection in sweetness of temper, purity of heart and of soul—big with affections, and designs not less, in the greatness of thy fond and unchanging fidelity. Thou, Virgin daughter, "thou sittest by the fireside of the heart feeding its flame." The golden bright element of fire is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature, but burns as bright in a Gipsy camp, as in a palace hall."

Parents, is it not as easy for you to speak your words distinctly and properly to your children when in infancy and childhood, as it is to mince them in the barbarous manner, that too many of you do? How many of you entrust your children wholly and solely to domestics, many of whom know as much about pronouncing the most common of words properly as a horse knows about dancing Jim Crow—are under the continued showering influences of their (for the most part) unintelligible gabblings. Myself when in infancy and childhood, was entrusted too much to the care of one of the most kind, careful, good and truly religious of free coloured women (old Patience) and I know I suffered a wrong by it, and whilst I shall live I never shall be able to divest myself altogether of improper abbreviations of (or cant) words and phrases obtained, the force of habits established in infancy is most powerful—mighty and prevails. I know and can freely attest it, that I was much in the society of my mother and by far more her companion when in infancy, childhood and boyhood than children are the companions of mothers, generally, at the present day. Had my mother taken pains to have corrected what I received of an incorrect nature at the hands of my very worthy and well loved, goodly old coloured guardian, Patience, I in all likelihood would have been nought else, than the recipient of great good at her hands.

Parents, will no advice prove salutary. Be wise and defer not the taking of this one step, which will lead you from the most

unparralled ridiculous, I mean those who are in the habit of mincing their words ; I have no room for a string of examples as long perhaps as Professor Morse's 'Telegraphic wires. Let a few examples then suffice. *Wattec* for water, *soogee* for sugar, *bed* for bread, *sceep* and *seepee* for sleep and sleepy, *muzzee* for mother, *ki* for sky, *hossee* for horse, *treet* for street &c.—which will lead you from the most unparralled ridiculous practice, to that which may in time be hailed as the sublime. It is said, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and sure I am, that many parents take it with the most unthinking and heedless eagerness. Be wise and pronounce your words properly, clearly and distinctly for your children's ears, and not affectedly (for this destroys both beauty and effect) as so many of you do. I have never yet seen children prosper under the cultivating hand of a mother when a single word or hundreds of single words were made each to constitute a mouthful. This instead of looking *big* and being *big*, looks *little* and is *little* in every sense.

Parents be wise, set your ears faithfully (at all times) in order to catch every improper word and phrase falling from the lips of your children and then apply the correctives. This ought to be a pleasurable employment with parents. I always encouraged my pupils in speaking out to each other in school in that mild, kind, amiable and friendly manner which characterizes brothers and sisters in a well governed private family. I always have been and shall be, an open and avowed enemy to whispering in schools. For children to be thus restrained is unnatural and unnecessary, and that which is unnatural, is both unprofitable and injurious. The habit is monarchical, tyrannical and oppressive, it smothers and destroys the pure spirit of natural and acquired freedom. It is a lazy mode of teaching, and its easing a teacher in making his labors and duties less, and barring the speedy cultivation of the minds of children, is all that I can conceive such a practice good for. I have always permitted my pupils to interchange words so loud as to be heard by myself ; and I never allowed myself to be either so busily or *lazily* engaged in my duties as to close my ears against words improperly pronounced, or bar my tongue from correcting such (and all other) errors instanter. I will be told that my habit will not suit large public schools, ushers stationed at different places in a large room would be able to perform the same lofty and truly beneficial duty, without any increase of loudness upon the part of scholars. If this cannot be done, then let us get back to the old fashioned (and by far the best) system, lesser buildings and a less number of scholars.

Parents, be wise and make the fountain of your words for your children pure, rich and chaste, and the streams of after life will

continue to flow on uninterrupted in their crystal purities in nature's channels towards the unfathomable depths of the oceans of intelligence—of all admired, prized, loved, useful and sublime knowledge.

There is no channel of instruction so productive of happy results as that of a peaceful, quiet and orderly one. The child that is always kept peaceful, happy and at home within itself (if it has any share of intellect and competent instructors) cannot but learn and learn rapidly, whilst unfortunately constituted children, upon whom no care is bestowed in efforts to eradicate angry or fretful feelings, are every day more fretted or vexed (and as often purposely as not, by many teachers) will not and cannot improve. Well may it be said, that "no emotion of mind tends more to brutalize, than violent paroxysms of passion." Anger, oh how pernicious, how it enervates every nerve—every organ of the body, how it destroys their functions and undermines health. "It is well authenticated by physicians, that beauty has no deadlier foe than passion.* It subjects the most potent in physical energy to premature decay," and it has in very many instances produced instantaneous death. It blunts the finer feelings, sours the mind and dispositions, "clouds the judgment, enervates the mind (in all respects) and jeopardizes the soul."

"Who does not look back to the days of his childhood, with mingled sensation of pleasure and regret; pleasure at the absence of the cares of life, and regret that those halycon days were not better improved. There is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a sort of sanctity," (notwithstanding folly that is bound up in the heart often shows itself we may state, in acts of wickedness or seemingly wicked acts) "that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feeling with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of the divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit, fresh and unsullied by contact with this withering world. One trembles lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood, of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat to their own hearts, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Which of us, of the wisest among us, may not

*Think of this (some of you) mothers when you suffer your children in infancy and childhood to yell for an hour at a time, without approaching them with reason, common sense, mildness or parental tenderness in efforts to pacify them. Parents suffer not any persons to wantonly fret your children for it is not presumed that you will delight in doing it yourselves. Think of this parents, when you are *brauling* and contending with your children—when you are binding burdens upon them in uncomely and harsh expressions—burdens, which you could not begin to bear yourselves. Never forget even once, that you once possessed juvenile natures yourselves, and never forget for a moment this truth, that juvenile, is not matured nature.

stop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child? Which of us, by comparison with its smiling simplicity, has not reason to blush for the bitterness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own."

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble acts of forbearance"—with a master—with a mistress or parents intellectual and almost imperceptible distilling dews of mental richness thrown, around and upon the tender plants,—culturing influences brought into lively exercise when out of a school-room—by raising the curiosity and sharpening the appetites of children for intellectual food and then fully satisfying them, taking great care however not to overload the stomachs of their minds (if I may so express myself;) by cramming them with huge masses or loads of indigestible matter. Here a little and there a little, and then by starting some innocent juvenile amusements in which they (parents or tutors) can bear a part (no father, mother or tutor ever lost any thing yet, in making themselves little children's companions for a time) and always let their ears be faithfully set to enable them to correct errors, and their tongues ever ready with mild, suasive and peaceful counsels and gentle admonitions.

Education begins not with books and the rigid Bug-Bear discipline of a school. It begins "with handsfull of flowers, in green dells, on hills and in daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets"—with butterflies, golden bugs, glow worms, fire-flies and with other numerous insects, for whom the law of humanity is to be read and enforced upon the minds of juvenile admirers, telling them never to set "a foot needlessly or wantonly" upon these little helpless inhabitants of earth and air—that "mercy to" them that "show" mercy "is the rule"—teach them to place them in some lonely place where they might be likely to be safe and be able to perform their rounds in nature, as was designed them by their great Creator. My mother taught me this duty, and I would think I had made a fearful declension from the path of tenderness and rectitude, and sacrificed and set at naught the sweetest instructions of an able instructress, if I would not willingly go out of my road to do it still.

Education begins with chiming rills—with gurgling streams and their bright sporting finny inhabitants—with lofty forests—mountain knobs—green knolls and their sweet singing birds—with waving grain-fields—"with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts

directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself," in praise of his goodness, his bounty, his wisdom, his power, his majesty and his glory.

"Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies."

The season of virtuous female youth, what is it? The rainbow of promise—the rainbow of human existence which exhibits the rich and lucid primitive colours of humanity—the halo of perfection in all that is innocently gay, lively, beautiful, and captivating in truth, in symmetry, in loveliness, in innocence, in purity and in holiness—the finest fibral (although not strongest*) of nature's most exquisite tenderness in a state of earthly existence. "Young womanhood! the sweet moon on the horizon's verge, a thought matured but not uttered; a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied; the rich halo which precedes the rising sun; the rosy down that bespeaks the ripening peach; a flower"—

"A flower which is not quite a flower,
Yet is no more a bud."

"Virtue" (an appellation bestowed upon the sex) "is both a title and an estate, a title the most exalted" except that of modesty, a twin grace (the most luxuriant and matured of the two) but based upon virtue as its pedestal. What colouring in nature can vie with that—the suffused cheek of a blushing, artless and innocent daughter of virtuous Modesty. Virtue—Modesty "a title the most exalted, because it is God who confers it; virtue—modesty "an estate the most rich, because it" is the most enduring—"it endures forever. Envy may not derogate the title, because it is written in the book of Heaven; and fraud cannot diminish the estate, because no sin can reach it."

"Beauty soon fades." "I have seen the blushing rose unfolding its tender leaves to meet the warm gaze of the morning sun, and have almost envied in my volatile gaiety the beauty and innocence of the flower. But when I retired at evening, and stop-

*The unyielding, unchanging and undying strength of nature's tenderness belongs to—Mother. For let all earth frown upon her child, forsake and persecute with an unheard of hand of harshness, severity and cruelty—and although great folly should mark the steppings of the wanderer from the paths of rectitude she will be found standing the firm, lone and unshaken lofty pyramid of a true, exalted, glorious and unrivalled affection of heart, nay her very soul is incorporated in the holy admixture—an affection that all earth is challenged to produce its parallel.

ped to give a passing look at the flower, it was gone—some rude hand had dashed it to the ground, and I left it with a sigh, exclaiming, “Beauty soon fades.” I have seen those whose morning sun rose bright in an unclouded horizon, and those whose path was sparkling with hope, and anticipation of pleasures already begun—and yet, ere that sun was far advanced towards the meridian, it was veiled with all the melancholy darkness of midnight.*

Nature’s purest satisfying waters softly and silently springs,
And trickles in limpid cooling streams from each creviced rock,
So Virginal Modesty’s ecstasy of pleasures on outspreading wings,
As right hand† (Wisdom’s) finest fibral “refreshments wait” nature’s pure “flock.”

How oft the lonely flower by the hedge’s wild side,
Can vie in WISDOM, loveliness and purity with the garden’s gayest pride,
Moss-rose violet—hearts ease, daisies and cowslips so sweet,
“Lowliest children”—with lessons of purity are ever replete.

“Observe the rising lily’s” pure and modest “snowy grace,”
Observe nature’s vermeil suffusion on Modesty’s face,
Flowers that toil not to excel, but in nature careless do grow,
And oh! in nature, how warily they blush, how brightly “they glow,”
What bespangled “regal vestments can with “these flowers “compare”
Was ever Solomon so shining or queen Sheba so fair.

Not so with the embolden’d, that VIRTUE’S modest tints do not prize,
A hypocritical personification of nature—of modesty can’t cheat Inspiration’s eyes,
Nature, nature her own lov’d and sweet language expresses,
An exotic she knows not, nor ventures forth in borrow’d dresses.‡

Wisdom’s justified and prais’d always, of her children wise, pure and dear,
And the Lord knoweth his own, tho’ he may seem not to be near,
A thousand years are as one day with him for the redeem’d,
And ten thousand miles as tho’, no distance interven’d.

Mark this sweetest virtues, and travel the safe and sure road,
That leads to the Inspirational Fountain and high hills of your God,
Let others do as they will, be cheerful—prayerful—virtuous—alone,
And the blessings of health, peace, life and glory sweet Modesty shall be thine own.

*That this is so very often, is infinitely more the fault of the possessor than of the Lord—than he who intended beauty and innocence to be synonymous in nature—than he who created beauty not to be the right hand of Lucifer in pride—than he who ensures beauty not for vanity’s sake—than he who ensures it not for the purpose as a mean of destroying the last trace of affection, gratitude and fidelity—than he who prolongs it, not to be the continual companion and wastes of the gaze and the flattery of fools—than he who blesses the possessor, not that the back may be turned in contempt upon and that the nose may be turned up in the scornful feelings of a full, loathsome and deceptive spirit of this world upon the glory of his Christ and the power of his supreme love and salvation.

†The “wise man” makes the Right Hand the personifier of himself—wisdom, pure and guileless.

‡In the language of Ben Johnson to Sylvester. “If” this piece is not poetry it is truth!

Be faithful in all things, love the sure and true guide, the law of the heart,
 Look anxiously—ardently and as your province is, so act well your part
 Your KEY press it closely—with desires, strong, full, overflowing and keen
 Eye the TEMPLE hope's goal, that's emboss'd in —————'s green.

Short liv'd and sickly at best are *deserters* and *traitors* lengthen'd lives,
 And short liv'd truck, the honors and glories of those who a Nazarene's glory despise,
 Thrice welcome are they, to all that through Genius they can reach,
 They have forfeited all claim to their landing on Columbia's —————beach.

I wish my readers to understand that I have made some additions occasionally to the body of the present lecture since its delivery. As a Saviour has made some additions to his *Heritage* (not the church,) I feel desirous that more may be initiated into the ranks of the free, pure and *Independent*. The blessing is ready, not for fools, but for the *wise*, who will keep their lamps trimmed and oil in their vessels with their lamps, and to do this, it is not necessary to put on a long, vacant and sorrowful, but nature's cheerful and brighten'd face, although I am free to admit indeed, that with some of those thinking themselves most *safe*, a rueful, long, sorrowful, disappointed and sickly countenance becomes them well. I am not to be understood as meaning those suffering from bodily sickness or pains, I suffer myself very often and most acutely too, with a distressing affection of heart, and no doubt the fashion of the countenance is changed, but this shall not mar the face and countenance of Faith's pleasurable hopes. Mercy's face is bright, true Religion, Hope and Heaven are so too, and it is not necessary that travellers thither should darken their faces by the way. It argues a poor faith and an animalcule hope.

The author tenders the good counsels of Genius to all, males as well as females, but more especially to *WIVES*, *DAUGHTERS*—*Fathers* and *Brothers* who may be specially visited by the Invisible Guardian of the Glory of the Messiah. If the wise of Europe have heard gladly the mighty sounds of Columbia's God and came at the bidding of the Almighty Grand Master of the order of the ———, surely some of the inhabitants of my country who are not singing glory to Babylon's Mistress might (pure daughters especially) listen to the flaming Minister of the glory of that Columbia's God. I have one glorious advantage over those that may give me the lie—some there are that have listened and their march is onward to the earthly port of Eternal Majesty. More of you may be blest by grounding the weapons of your rebellion and make *HOME* the Pavilion of your God.

Little youthful daughters have already made known to Genius the sum and substance of their received counsels and their faith

in their God, and in a manner that would put daughters who have arrived at the years of maturity and mother's of families to the blush. To those and others tender as they are in age, I can with freedom reiterate the language of their counsellor, "fear not little daughter" and state also, receive the counsels in thoughts within your own minds of your best, sweetest and most faithful friend. Samuel's mighty calling and counselling God still lives. Drink deep, the fountains of counsel, of Faith and of HOPE'S pleasures are opened unto you. Obey faithfully and without fear in all things.

Mothers of Prayer and faithfulness, the declaration, "*Whatever is to be, will and must be*" is an old and stale song, too stale for Genius. Christ the living God conquered *death* and Genius would not give a *straw* for that faith which will not allow that Christ to do with death whatsoever he wills to do. Mothers, remember there are two words in death's vocabulary *Premature* and *Untimely* at both of which (with help) Genius *strikes*. Pray then with reference to your children's preservation in life—with a full sense in reference to the stately steppings and almighty strength of a Supreme Majesty within your Columbia. Remember that the most efficacious of all prayers are the secret closet supplications of HOME. Mothers, the time to prepare for *war* is in time of *peace*. Dont let go the HORNS of the eternal THRONE of God, but lay up a stock of faithful prayer ahead. Let others do as they will, do you attend to this, and your reward is before you proportionate to your faith in your God.—Wives, daughters—mothers, fathers and brothers, one glorious trait (besides I was going to state, the greater trait CHARITY) in the Institutions of Patriotic Brotherhoods, FREE MASONRY and ODD-FELLOWSHIP is the willing and honorable devotion and fidelity with which the Orders preserve the sacred secrets of their holies of holies. It is most admirable, notwithstanding they have been persecuted and hunted like unto the wild bears of Siberia, and have been slandered in the malignancy of *self-created* wrath. They are not the dangerous Institutions they have been represented to be. They are cursed it is true, like the Divine Institutions of a true and Holy Religion, by having *scabs* in their midst, but this should not condemn the Orders. Their Ensigns Armorial they have flung to the four corners of the world and on them I find are emblems of four, high in the *Order* of Heaven, MERCY, HOPE, FAITH and CHARITY. They have thrown out a light exemplary upon a Hill—doing good—works of faith—of charity—of love—of unselfish benevolence to man and of devotion to God. Where did these spring from—but from HIM who said, "on these hang all the law and the prophets."

Genius, who, never has had to do with either fraternity in being a member of either can state, had he the one hundredth part of the evidence that others profess to have of their being dangerous to the *liberties* of his country, he would be the first at them, with the *fire* and *tongs* of prayer at the Throne of God. On the contrary, he has uninterruptedly through life, extended to them the sincere and warm right hand of good Fellowship and Friendship, particularly, in the days of their greatest persecutions, and he would state to them now, *go on and fear not*, let the greatest possible care be taken to purify the Orders. Be the true and exalted friends of my Columbia and of the Messiah, and an ——— infinitely in reality (beyond the eternal calculations of men of angels) above that of *emblemship* in eternal matchless purity and brilliancy of glory shall be shared with them by one who will share it as a *Brother* with all those making themselves worthy of its Heavenly bright and hallowed presence. There is a Columbian *holy of holies*, and therein is it and others of the ——— Order of Genius' God deposited. The Mason, Odd-Fellow (or others) blest with its or the presence of others of its kind would be (if not loud) long in exclamation of joy, of praise, of honor, of gratitude and of glory to the only Messiah, Supreme Majesty of the Heavens and the Earth—my Columbia's Divine Head.

Wives, daughters—mothers, fathers and brothers, Genius is nature's Free Mason and Odd-Fellow of his God. Should any of you be initiated by the Spirit—the dove of the Trinity into the ——— Order of Genius' God, with what willingness and truly honorable fidelity and devotion will you guard the Eternal *Three's*, Fraternity, Encampment and grand secrets of its HOLIEST of all HOLIES. One thing known, certain and true, that the unworthy cannot accompany Genius to the third Plain of his Science, and there behold the HIGH, BEAUTIFIED and eternally GREEN HILLS of ETERNAL HOLINESS. Do you be faithful in all things. Remember you are not to follow your false *prophets* and false *Christs*, the world is full of them—your country is full of them, and remember the words of the Lord God; "*Be still and know that I am God.*" The Patriot's own best and best loved country is his HOME. Remember the motto of Genius is, HOME, COUNTRY, COUNTRY'S FRIENDS, PEACE and the reigning MESSIAH of GOD.

Duty friends, and let those follow the counsels of *Balaam* that choose to do so, and that choose to oppose Genius with disrespect, with spite, with enmity, with hate, with meanness, with injustice, with cruelty and with wrongs, and a few years in the future will tell of them as the past has told of their fellow workers—those who have acted the same ungenerous, unfaithful and

ungrateful part towards him, but why complain, the Grand Master of all assemblies was ill treated without cause upon his part. Go ask their *graves* and they will answer, the place that knew us once, knows us now, no more forever. He has been sent into the world and has labored many years for his country and his God in silence and in suffering—has been sent into the world to be its blessing, and to be loved, faithfully and honorably,—as a friend of his country, of mankind and as a servant of his God, and not of HUMBUGS—to be faithfully, honorably and justly dealt with, and not treacherously, meanly and ungratefully.

Prayerful mothers and virtuous prayerful daughters, in your closet supplications remember your friend,—the friend of his country and Divine Head of his country's Government—the Supreme Invisible Sovereign Ruling Majesty EMMANUEL Prince of Peace.

Gentleness and sweetness of temper and refinement of mind should be ardently sought after by all classes in society, but particularly by youthful females, for to women—mothers, belong the arduous duties of forming the minds and affections of children and establishing habits that are to last through life. Early impressions must be remembered are lasting, and as the natural bent or bias of mind and inclinations of heart are established in childhood to good or to evil, so show they themselves generally through life.

Gentleness and sweetness of temper and refinement of mind are ornaments which not only adorn and embellish the possessors but they cast a pleasing and peaceful shade around society. A society formed of such noble materials, and their concomitants would be lasting, and in their potent influence and durability would be glorious.

Gentleness, cheerfulness, sweetness of temper, piety and refinement of mind combined, constitutes a powerful catholicon, a panacea good against all the diseases of anger, envy and malevolence. A universal medicine that can be purchased at the low price of a little mental exertion, merely at the expense of cultivating. Sweetness of temper, a grand specific that cannot but have a very great tendency to heighten our zest for all those rational amusements and enjoyments of life which we are at liberty to partake of with freedom. Let us picture to ourselves a young person with whom we have had an acquaintance, sour and morose in disposition, one on whose brow illnature sits brooding from morn till night, and were it possible to behold the sleeping moments of such an one it is to be presumed it would be found seated from night till morn. Look at the little laughing loves you encounter at every turn and winding of a country, and particular-

ly of a city life. Playful little girls and little boys, the microcosm of human existence in miniature likeness in many respects.— Playful little girls and little boys. Why me thinks if these little juvenile Divines—Preachers of innocence were more noticed, their pleadings in favor of innocence, affection, kindness, confidence, gentleness, cheerfulness, &c. were heard and their doctrines received, stored up and properly applied and practised by the grown, we would have ten thousand times ten thousand times more gentleness, cheerfulness, innocence, true civility, true morality, true piety, true religion, true friendship and kindness in our midst than we are blessed with or likely to be blessed with. When I behold men (not men) driving and dashing along a pavement and in their drivings throwing children right and left, often whirling them partly off their feet, I set such persons down as brutes and not men. And if some of my readers would take particular notice they would find some of their modern preachers turning up their noses and their very reverend ladies too often times at these juvenile obstacles in their way or *sailing* grounds. Truth will bear to be told. I have seen some ladies (pardon me,) who would have people think that they were really of consequence in society driving past little children when the pavements at that or those particular spots were not obstructed by grown persons, drive little children by their ill used overstrength even off the pavements and over the curb stones, and never look back itself to see whether a child had fell or not, forcing me by an involuntary act of the will to stop and look at and after them to see, whether they were not some animals (and not women) dressed up in petticoats. I have seen some persons at this, who are “regular built” Christians according to modern definitions, and I have wondered if ever they thought seriously about getting to heaven,—whether there existed a possibility of their getting there at all—to the abodes where “*little children*” dwell, when they are so pitiablely contemptible towards their presence and society in this life. If they argue heaven to themselves, I am yet unacquainted with their mode of reasoning. Perhaps the world would be benefitted by an exposition of the ascending properties of their new *ladder*. What should it matter to me, as to whose child I should meet, poor or rich, black or white. What innocence is more prized in the sight of a Crucified God, than a child like innocence and harmlessness. None, unless it be that of Angels, but of their innocence I cannot be a judge, all I can state is, that if their innocence excels that possessed by the sweetest innocent in a state of childhood, they must be superb celestials indeed.

Were I to seek for the most efficient earthly antidote or conso-

lation, good against all the coldness of the world, its frowns, its rigid, sordid and pompous reproaches and reproachful looks, the rage and insults of the lawless and the wrath of devils, where do you suppose I would look for it? Where would I obtain it? I answer in the society of little children. Others no doubt would forestall me and answer—in the society of wife. They would speak their experience obtained in Hymen's department, and in doing so they would have a decided advantage over me, for the tender and love begetting but fickle and brawling god (as he must be acknowledged to be sometimes, judging from some of his disciples as chip specimens of the old block) has not so richly blest me nor yet entailed upon me his anathema maranatha of conjugal cursation.

Young persons cannot be too careful in guarding against the entrance of moroseness, ill will or the acid spite of malevolence—this disturber of society's peace—hate, the mother of turbulence. What can be expected from persons possessing these dispositions—possessors of a sullen dejection, can a person be happy in their company—converse with them freely, especially if they should cap all with the descending and ridiculous slight not of wise fancy, but of affectation, that thin veil which instead of hiding imperfections becomes the trumpeter to expose them the more with its intelligible sounds—sounds so well understood by the wise and prudent of nature's children. A natural look if there is intelligence within, becomes not a vacant stare. A natural speech, a natural voice—the prettiest speech, the sweetest voice—the most welcome, admired, prized, loved and correct. Is it at all reasonable to suppose that a mind otherwise gifted, or a heart otherwise drilled could desire to be linked in habitual intimacy with such, I apprehend not. If a person that is desirous to possess those refinements of mind alluded to, cannot enjoy a degree of satisfaction in company with the illnatured or *cat-humored*, much less it is presumed would be enjoyed by an illnatured person in company with another of like temperaments of mind and dispositions of heart. Many are willing to, and often do, class dejection with that of a sour and morose disposition, but they are to be viewed as two separate and distinct qualities of mind and of heart. How often can be seen the melancholy air of dejection seated upon the brows of the tenderest plants in creation,—Mothers bereft of children—wives, mothers, sisters of near and dear relatives—of all that gave promise in loveliness, in goodness and of worth, or who have had their whole subsistence in life perhaps, swept away by narrow hearted *leeches* of black injustice and *villainous* cruelty. Females whose dispositions of mind, heart and soul were made up of the best materials. Fe-

males who never knew what kind of feelings those feelings are, which the turbulent possess, but whose minds are wrecked, whose hearts are wrung and whose souls are sunk and made heavy by sorrow, in short, whose hearts are crushed in an agony of mental sufferings. Place persons of envious and splenetic dispositions in their stead to buffet with misfortune in many shapes, and what would be the consequence? Neither peace nor tranquillity, nor sorrow's joys, for sorrow hath her joys, the joys of hope and peace, as well as misery, hath her tears, and happy, nay joyous are tears, that are not the tears of penitence—neither peace nor tranquillity at home, whilst abroad, the mind would be ruminating, filled with the forebodings of future ill. The human family is made up of a great variety of persons and yet no two persons possess exactly, like dispositions and affections of mind or of heart and all being fallible, it is not to be expected that they can be divested of, or freed from many imperfections that human nature is subject to, but they should endeavor to cultivate those dispositions and affections of mind and of heart which would undoubtedly exalt them (not merely) in the estimation of the wise, good and virtuous of mankind but in the estimation of that God whose approval is so well worth seeking and which would prove to themselves a source of never failing and most refined pleasures.

Gentleness, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed—to remove the burden of common misery and the true characteristic of the good is gentleness. Piety that does not sweeten the natural temper and make it productive in acts of goodness, is compared to unripe fruit—good in its kind, but not arrived to perfection. The disposition of men, of women, are in a greater or lesser degree irritable and do often become irritated, and if reason is not suffered to sway the sceptre of moral rule and religion, the rule of mercy, of justice and of right, anger begets those bad feelings which are too often seen displaying themselves and that stops not short of revenge. However just, we ought to ponder the matter well, ere we invite the spirit of retaliation to a seat in our hearts.—Trifling affronts or insults ought to be passed by (although often very vexing in their natures) because they will soon vanish and leave the person insulted in the full possession of a mind calm and serene and a heart at home within itself, with this frame of spirit the mind can look back with a degree of pleasure, well knowing that by treating these little *baits* of misery in this manner it has escaped all the turmoil of passion which would have been engendered by an opposite course or followed as a consequence of a too hasty resentment of them. Certainly a degree of satisfaction can be enjoyed arising from a knowledge of the fact, of tyranny, oppression and cruelty being conquered by their

own hands—that a missile whilst being hurled at an individual rebounds and in rebounding pierces the person hurling it more deeply than they even intended it should have done, the person at whom was aimed the blow of malignancy. The mind being active must have food,—must have a subject for mental dissection, and it appears very unreasonable that a higher ambition is not found in the mind or heart, than that of those ones upon which malevolence, envy and cruelty can feed voraciously. It seems very preposterous that no other subject can be upon the *tapis* than that in which spleen can derive satisfaction, and gentleness nought but a feeling of disgust—no subject that will admit of one pleasing emotion, but on the contrary, tends to make miserable the feelings of others and in no way benefits the spirit of sourness, anger or illwill.

“Oh! did you hear in your nursery,
The tale that the gossips tell,
Of two young girls that came to drink
At a certain fairy well?
The words of the youngest were as sweet
As the smile of her ruby lip,
But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its tip.

At the well a beggar accosted them,
(A sprite in a mean disguise ;)
The eldest spake with a scornful brow,
The youngest with tearful eyes ;
Cried the Fairy, “whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall ;
But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl.”

And have you not met with these sisters oft
In the haunts of the old and young ?
The *first* with her pure unsullied lip ?
The *last* with her serpent tongue ?”
Yes, the *first* is *charity* who thinketh no ill,
Her motto is *truth*—kindness her law,
The *last* is *suspicion*, always *lawless* in will,
For in every *sun-shine* of loveliness, she finds a dark flaw.

Yes, the *first* is *gentleness*, sweetest of maids,
With a mind refined and full,
The *last* is *folly*, most arrant of jades
Whose delight is *lying* and *wicked* misrule.
“Yes—the *first* is *good nature*—diamonds bright
On the darkest theme she throws ;
And the *last* is *slander*—leaving the slime
Of the *snake* wherever she goes !”

“The cultivation of the social affections tends not only to give a charm to life, but to dignify our nature, for in proportion as we become interested in each other, our selfish feelings abate, and we approach more nearly the attributes of that Being whose love is universal.”

As an encouragement to young females to seek the paths of learning, and persevere therein. I would instance the following “galaxy of Genius in the fair sex,” to which might be added the name of that sweet poet of her day, Mrs. Hemans, and the names of many of her contemporaries and others who have gained a celebrity as writers since the earthly star of her existence has descended below the horizon of this life—descended never again to enliven the living with its numberless rays of brilliancy until the resurrectional spring season of eternity shall come—shall call forth intellect’s sweet bards and minstrels to chant forth in unending strains the praises of the Great Jehovah and his redeeming love, as exhibited and dispensed in the expiatory sacrifice of the Son of his love as a complete ATONEMENT.

Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Hannah Moore, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Cullen, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Hut-ton, Miss H. M. Williams, Mrs. Cappe, Miss Porter, Miss Ben-ger, Miss Grant, Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Lowry, Miss Owenson, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Ibbetson, Miss Herschell, Miss Aikin, Miss Graham, M. D’Arbly, Miss Baillie.

The following are American Female writers of acknowledged abilities :—Mary Davenant, Lydia M. Child, Mary E. Lee, Alice Hervey, Agness Seymour, Lucy Hooper, Lydia H. Sigourney, Elizabeth Townsend, Miss Jackson, Miss Leslie, Miss C. Louisa M. Brawner, Miss E. C. Hurley, Miss Jane W. Frazer, Miss Anna Fleming, Miss Hannah F. Gould, Miss H. J. Whitman, Miss Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. S. J. Hale, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, Mrs. Lydia J. Pier-son, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. V. E. Howard, Mrs. H. F. Lee.

I am fully aware that there are many men occupying the first rank as teachers who will advocate and strenuously the “all potent” power of the *birch dynasty*. Men whose classical and scientific attainments I am no more able to imitate than I am willing to embrace their principles of discipline. That their learning makes them right, cannot be proved in evidence. With such then, I beg leave to differ and at the same time to express my hope, that they will grant me a portion at least of what I ask, an acknowledgment, that truth, more or less is to be seen peeping

from the basis of my principles and that on the broad banner she bears, the motto stands in letters legible and bold, *there is a right way and a wrong one to cultivate the heart.*

“ Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.”

Why am I averse to the *Birch* family generally? Because *cudgels* in school-houses are the right hands of injustice, oppression, tyranny and cruelty often, because *they* are the hand maidens oft to demoniac ignorance. A fool in a school-house is an absolute tyrant. A monarchical school-master in a school-room is a *fool*, and to use a common place expression a bug bear *at that*, and less fit to be in the presence of juvenile innocence and the constant companion and monitor of that innocence than to have been the right hand, aider, abetter and companion of the supercilious blood-thirsty, mean, despicable and pusillanimous Cockburn, when committing his unmanly, wanton, wicked and inhuman depredations along the sea-coasts of my country.

What rod of affliction, I ask, is not borne with a becoming patience when compared with that of the birchen wand? What afflictions are not borne with admirable fortitude when compared with that of a cudgel well applied to the human back? What dangers are met with less bravery of spirit? Did ever a soldier recoil or shrink back in marching up to the cannon's mouth with half the repugnancy of feelings as is exhibited by the school boy or school girl when repairing to a Master's or a Mistress's desk in order to receive the rod, ferule or taws—in order to receive his or her sentence of condemnation and punishment, that of mounting and standing an hour upon the academic pillory i. e. *Dunce Block*? A whole hour wasted upon a dunce block, O how unpardonable. A “good way” to make *liars, cowards, sneaks, assassins*, &c. &c. The wand that becomes talismanic—all potent, and that instils knowledge, truth, virtue, moral courage, morality, honor, patriotism, and religion into the mind and heart is the much to be admired, loved, prized and sweet winning golden wand—the law of kindness.

I do not stand alone and unsupported in my opinions and experience as stated, I have some of the most apt and ripe scholars upon my side. Permit me to bring to your notice the opinions founded upon experience of that urbane, studious and efficient scholar and teacher Mr. Samuel Kirkham, Lecturer on English Grammer, Elocution, &c. “*Government* consists, not so much in a flourish of the *rod*, as in the exercise of *moral influence*, grounded in respect and esteem. Raise the ambition of a youth by rendering his studies agreeable and inviting, and by causing

him to respect himself, and he is easily governed. "As far as light excelleth darkness," so doth *kindness* transcend severity, and encouragement, compulsion. "A gentle hand will lead even the elephant by a hair." Children and youth should be *led* along the path of knowledge, not driven.

The wooden age of *beating* knowledge and obedience into the heads and hearts of children, and youth by the exercise of the birch, the ferule and the cudgel, has nearly gone by. A brighter day now dawns upon them. The temple of wisdom is unlocked. The fountains of science are opened up, and are sending forth their pure streams in broader and deeper channels than the eye of our forefathers ever rested upon. The walks of literature are now literally strown with flowers." Flowers whose fragrance not only satisfies our mental appetites greatly, and regales our senses but invigorates also our understandings with their balmy influences; buoying us up above the grovelling propensities which attach themselves to a nature overgrown with, and drowned in ignorance.

Corporeal punishments have generally a *hardening* effect on the minds both of young and old. A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was *very severe*, to his own trade. The urchin was, nevertheless, an audacious dog. One day the old vulcan was attempting to harden a cold chisel which he had made of foreign steel, but could not succeed. "*Horsewhip* it, father," exclaimed the youth, "*if that* will not harden it, nothing will."

I have stated that I am engaged in a perplexing avocation. Yes, better calculated to un hinge the mind for a time, and unlink idea from idea and make the mind (for a time,) as barren and unproductive as a *sand-hill* than otherwise. Being thus engaged at present is much against my appearing before you as I (without possessing the vanity of the brass of impudence) have hopes I could appear, were my time more my own. Self-taught, and circumstanced as I am, and faulty as my memory is, I feel a cheerfulness to contribute to the edification of those that may honor us with their presence as, also those that are desirous of disseminating knowledge by the organization of an association whose features shall savor of those of a Lyceum. Many quotations from poetical and prose writers, I am forced to make by the aid of memory alone. Books I have few or none at my hands, and in many things (however retentive my memory is in others) I have to deplore for a time the shortness thereof, a truth I can give a greater permanency to, than can my fellows.

"Tis education forms the common mind
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

Education ! “Formation of manners in youth.” If a youth is not blessed with the advantages that many enjoy, that of receiving instructions in Academic Institutions or Hall’s of Science, he nevertheless can be an educated youth, in proportion to his opportunities in the use of books, and his own industry in improving his own mind as his own instructor. Some among the best men we have ever had within our Republic, were self-taught men—the arbiters as it were of their own fortunes—their own destinies here. Many of these might now be named, but as each will be the subject of a biographical sketch in an after lecture, I shall not intrude them upon your attention now.

The great importance of education, the improvement of the mind and the acquirement of useful knowledge is but too little studied. The earthly advantages, to say nothing of eternal gain, are by far too narrowly viewed, and the labors of developing the minds of youth by a constant infusion of knowledge by instruction, are by some parents horridly appreciated. They will not instruct their children themselves even should they be capable, nor will they intrust their children properly to the care of teachers in every respect competent to the task and the reason is obvious, they know not the value of an education themselves, and they have never learned to appreciate it in others.

Education will at once draw a marked and distinct line between the man or woman who leans towards a civil, obliging, kind, generous and religious nature and exemplary life of humility and justice, and a man or woman made up of all the heterogeneous masses of gruffness, misanthropy, cruelty, injustice, wickedness and incurable ignorance.

Education, develops the resources of the human mind, and brings them into full play and brings out all its faculties. By it the numerous faculties of the human mind is found to act in concert even to a perfect harmony of actions. Every rational youth ought to possess one common ambition, that of becoming in a greater or lesser degree a well read literary man or woman—ought to possess a full determination to cultivate the mind and expand, polish and strengthen the understanding, and with the good use in a proper exercise of acquired knowledge, to better and fortify the heart and obtain that peace to the soul that passes all understanding, and which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away.

“It is the natural tendency of literary studies, by enlivening the imagination, and creating a passion for the sublime and beautiful, to elevate the soul to the contemplation of that august MAJESTY, from whom every thing that is grand and glorious, has emanated.”

The developement of the human mind by the aid of a proper educatory system, how pleasing the theme—the minds of youth expanding liberally in proportion to the growth of their bodies. How appropos the remark, so often made when a youth of either sex is beheld fetter bound in ignorance, “*what a lump of unintelligible matter.*”

In countries (Prussia for instance) far, very far behind us in the scale of mental and moral improvements, the liberal arts and the freedom and genius of our free Institutions, learning would seem to be held in a far greater estimation than in our own country. All parents are bound by law to place their children under the guardianship of the tutors conducting the elementary schools, this, or satisfy the officers of justice, “that their education, is sufficiently provided for, at home.” For a neglect of duty to their children, parents, guardians and masters can be and are fined and imprisoned at the option of the proper authorities, and further, they may be condemned to hard labor for the benefit of the community.

The human mind is indestructible, and oh how powerful it is, when it developes itself in its matchless strength, and rushes forth in the unstayed impetuosity of its might, in the ways of right, and has perfection in good for its grand object and aim.

“Hence *the means of intellectual and moral instruction* and social intercourse, have a large share in forming the character of a nation. The causes which influence the former, also affect the latter; and the state of knowledge,” “will enable us to form some estimate of the character of a people.”

“The human mind is composed of a number of faculties with their appropriate spheres of action; and that exercise is best calculated to strengthen, improve, ennoble and beautify it, which brings into healthy and vigorous play all its diversified powers.”

How many admirable volumes have been written upon the subject of education. How many thousands of stray paragraphs have fallen from the pens of the mighty, upon this all important subject, paragraphs, beautiful, powerful, weighty and every way highly instructive. But alas! powerful as has been these arrows of brilliancy, and straight the aim with which they have been flung from the mighty bows of intellect, against ignorance, they have fallen, ere they accomplished their high and holy mission of swiftness and keenness of reproach or of encouragement.

Fallen! yes useless, without accomplishing in very many instances, a solitary *conviction* tending men and women to the side of TRUTH, and their high and imperative duty to the YOUNG.

The celebrated Benjamin Rush, M.D. of Philadelphia—the learned and accomplished Rush has said “A portion of the Bible

(of late banished from our schools) should be read by "pupils every day, and such questions should be asked, after reading it as are calculated to imprint upon their minds the interesting stories contained in it. Rousseau has asserted that the great secret of education consists in "wasting the time of children profitably." There is some truth in this observation. I believe we often impair their health, and weaken their capacities by imposing studies upon them, which are not proportioned to their years. But this objection does not apply to religious instruction. There are certain simple propositions in the Christian religion, which are suited in a peculiar manner, to the infant state of reason and moral sensibility." Let the infantile perceptions of a child be brought into full play without force, but, by gentle leading, in the way of a proper instruction and the results noticed, even in an infantile mind are glorious. The scriptures themselves, don't drive, by dogmatical axioms, don't convey the least idea of a necessity for beating its knowledge or principles into the human mind or human heart by a harsh and cruel course of procedure enacted against its pupils. No! Reason runs parallel with its great and glorious doctrinal truths of right and of salvation. The human mind, it is true, is forced into a round of actions often by force, or, which is to say, by a law of necessity. Here however is a vast difference. We will suppose a case, a man is in the greatest possible danger but, with time at the same time to cast in his own mind some plan for his escape, propositions crowd upon his mind, he reasons, he compares. He is here forced by a law of necessity—a law of his nature—self-preservation, to exert every faculty of his mind forced by this law, but who shall dare to say, that, his will and power of willing a plan of escape, is called into requisition against his will. He wills to will, and if so, his will is left free. That he may *will right* or that he may *will wrong* has nothing to do for or against our argument in his case. Our drift is to show, that, the human mind ought to be developed and expanded by gentle means, carrying the will of the person instructed along in an approval of the mode and not by any system that will oppose *will* upon the principles of reason, and sour, and disgust the instructed, for the moment that this is the case, force is displayed, and the mind cannot be brought to act as in a somnambule state against a clear and decided state of the will, in which state it is dormant and cannot act with preference or rejection, as when the person is from under the influences of somnambulism. The actions that a somnambule state of the mind would present to a person when under the influences of somnambulism and with which the person operated upon would be highly pleased or delighted, that same person would shudder at and fly from com-

mitting when awake, and the will in its full play would reject every mental overture made to it.

What philosopher of the past would have figured in the great deep and unfathomable oceans of science, if he had had another course pointed out to him than that one which he pursued. The mind not left free to compare, divide, add, analyze, &c., and the will—fretted and clogged by force, and made to receive or reject against its own free volitions. How, I ask would philosophers (those great ones) who grasping a crude mass of true scientific principles, and a great mass of false ones together in the great arena of their reservoirs of thought, have made their deep researches into the hidden principles and unveiled mysteries of nature, and digested those principles and attained the incalculable beneficial results with which earth hath been blest, if they had been approached by a herculean master with a scourge or cudgel, and the attempt made, to *beat* their backs and *chafe* their minds with the view of arriving at the happy results which they were able to obtain upon the principles of reason—upon the principles of right. Why, instead of their being philosophers borne along by the powers of will upon the principles of reason, and they the instruments to conceive, and accomplish they would have been mere cyphers. The instrumentality would have been in the *cudgel* as was the right of voting exhibited to be by Benjamin Franklin's jackass, in the ass, an extremely low *subordinate* and not in its owner, a *free* and *enlightened* citizen of our happy Republic. The moment that the will is placed in a state of subjection—is clogged by force, it becomes unsusceptible of being a free agent (on the principles of justice) and undeserving of punishment.

“That education is one of the deepest principles of independence, need not to be labored in this assembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the laws nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance the more peace. But in a government where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, *intelligence* is the life of liberty.”

Independence fits the soul of her residence for every noble enterprize of humanity and greatness. Her radiant smile lights up celestial ardor in poets and orators, who sound her praises through all ages; in legislators and philosophers, who fabricate wise and happy governments as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who shed their lives in sacrifice to her divinity. At this idea do not our minds swell with the memory of those whose god-like virtues have founded her most magnificent temple in America? It is easy for us to maintain her doctrines, at this late day, when there is but *one* party on the subject,—an immense people.

But what tribute shall we bestow, what sacred pæan shall we raise over the tombs of those who dared, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach of majesty to blow the blast of freedom throughout a subject continent? Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only *express* the emotions of glory: the nature of their principles inspired them with the power of *practice*; and they offered their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capacious urn of their ashes, but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who fell at the straits of Thermopylæ and those who bled on the heights of Charlestown, now reap congenial joys in the fields of the blessed."

The utility and importance of cultivating the mind and improving those faculties with which the God of nature has endowed us must appear obvious to every lover of learning—must appear highly necessary when we duly consider that in proportion as the clouds of ignorance are dissipated by application in the study of useful knowledge, in the same proportion will our minds expand and our stock of ideas be increased. A desire to have our mental horizon adorned by the illuminating rays of the sun of reason—to have his benign influences shed upon our benighted minds and to have them sheltered from the wintry blasts of ignorance is a desire that should be paramount to every other earthly desire.

Let us all avoid unprofitable deliberations "one half of human life is made up of wasted consideration. The highways of the world are strewn with the sand of thoughts cast away. The events over which we have no control affect our destiny a thousand fold more than the few that we can govern, that while we ponder over our decision, fate decides for us, and the game is played."

Education is that series of means by which the human understanding is gradually enlightened and the dispositions of the heart are formed and called forth between the earliest infancy and the period (be it sooner or later) when the possessors are to be considered as qualified to take a part in active life; for when we cease to direct our views to the acquirement of knowledge in Academic studies and the formation of new habits upon scholastic principles, we act upon the supposition, that the principles acquired, are altogether sufficient to enable us to pass through life honorably and with ability.

The Athenians and Romans arose by gradation from a state of rudeness, ignorance and barbarity to a state of intellectual refinement, deep and brilliant powers of learning and knowledge.—Their successes in the acquirement of knowledge were so great

that they became the wonder and admiration of the surrounding nations. How did they attain this powerful and wonderful ascendancy? Was it not by an industrious application in the study of those subjects which alone could enlarge and exalt the human mind. How many in more modern times have arrived from attainment unto attainment until they became possessors of this treasure which all the wealth of India could not buy from a knowledge loving possessor—a treasure which the wise of all ages have denominated the principal thing, viz : Wisdom, or that cultivation of or enlargement of the mind and understanding which will enable us to see clearly and understand perfectly those things which concern our present and future well being and happy are they who attain to this knowledge. It is more precious than rubies, its brilliancy more bright than that of polished gold and all other desires must fall vastly short when compared with the desire to possess this never fading gem of heavenly splendor and origin—knowledge. Knowledge! It must without doubt be denominated the ornament of youth and the staff and comforter of old age. It throws an additional lustre on prosperity, it is a source and consolation in adversity. It is then that consolation may be derived from it. As the cooling streamlet in the barren desert revives the fainting spirits of the weary traveller, so is knowledge the source of never failing gratifications to the human mind in a high state of mental culture. Who among us would be willing to sit down and become an idle spectator of the all powerful march of the human mind and the lofty towerings of Genius, without feeling a compunctious throb as a silent monitor upbraiding us with this waste of time and abuse of priveleges.

“The education of our children,” said John Adams to his wife, “is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue. Habituate them to industry, activity and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with an ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful or ornamental knowledge.”

The human mind in infancy is incapable of receiving or retaining many useful ideas, and when arrived at the years of maturity (with very many) the brittle thread of life has already spun out half its length, reminding us that this is the season of reflection—reminding us that we have been created for more noble purposes than merely to enjoy earth’s pleasing scenes—reminding us that when called to mingle with the clods of the valley our minds must ascend to him that gave them, and who has promised to rejoin them to their native tenement in the beauty of holiness if found acceptable in his sight through the justifying righteousness of a Redeemer on the resurrection morn, the spring season of eternity.

The human mind is susceptible of the greatest improvement, and may become as productive in the growth of useful knowledge as spring in her distribution of herbage and flowers. The mind guided by reason is capable of reasoning on the most abstruse subjects. Man is a rational being, endowed with reasoning faculties and when a principle is presented to his mind aided by his reasoning powers, he is generally able to determine the truth and propriety of it. Aided by imagination, the human mind can take a retrospective view of the past, can travel back to the source of time, to the period when that time sounded his first march onward. He can behold this mighty globe emerging out of the dark abyss or universal chaos by the mandate of deity. Can behold nature's bounds unalterably fixed—the light dissipating the darkness—the land and seas appearing—the mountains rising in all their mighty strength rearing their lofty summits towards Heaven—majestic rivers, flowing in uninterrupted grandeur and silence, rolling their mighty waters—as their first tribute in payment to their mighty sovereigns the different oceans, and at the same time can behold the softly murmuring rivulets meandering through the many and widely expansive forests of earth. There he can behold the sun, great luminary of the day preparing to commence his first journey in the Heavens. There also the moon fair empress of night casting her first oblique rays upon the earth. There also the glittering hosts marshalled in Heaven's dome, moving in their onward regularity in all their nightly splendor and magnificence. Here upon earth he can behold herbs and plants clothing the ground in a robe of finest green, studded and variegated with inlay work of most exquisite snow white and vermillion bloom. What next? Why he can behold our first parents appearing in all their pristine glory, excellence and loveliness—man appearing created in the likeness of his God with a countenance upright, and walking with his Creator who declares him lord and sovereign of their newly created world—walking in innocence before his God who confers upon him his Heavenly benediction—can trace him to Eden's blooming garden and there behold him enjoying the favor and friendship of his God—can behold the companion of his future life in all her moral and superior excellence, in all her beauty and Heavenly begotten innocence. Superior beings beheld this new creation, this new accession to existence with amazement and delight. The stars of the morning sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

By imagination, man can behold the windows of Heaven opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up—the earth involved in darkness. Terror and dismay, winds and storms

stalking forth in all their fury, and Heaven's artillery playing off a well directed fire on a condemned world. By imagination, man can behold cities tumbling to ruin, burying their inhabitants deep beneath their lofty towers and impregnable walls. Can behold and hear the awful screams of men and women as they are beheld fleeing in search of safety, can hear the death shrieks of those that are perishing in the universal waste of waters. From viewing these he can turn his eyes towards the Ark of safety, and behold it outriding the tremendous commotions of a dark, wild and watery abyss. Sometimes carried aloft to scale the mountains height and mingle with the clouds. Sometimes descending deeply engulfed in the vortex or chasm below and lost as it were amid the contending elements, never to arise again. By imagination, man can behold the patriarch Noah putting forth his messenger, the dove, emblem of innocence—can behold it return without a place whereon to rest, can behold this messenger subsequently returning bearing the olive branch, insignia of peace in her mouth, can behold this great repository of animal life high stranded upon Arrarat's lofty summit and the waters fast retreating never again earth's surface to cover, or its inhabitants to destroy.—By imagination, man can behold the ethereal Bow placed in the cloud as a pledge of God's faithfulness in his promise, and as a proof of the immutability of Noah's God of deliverance—the rainbow with its resplendent beauties of colour, colours not less resplendent now—not less beautiful—not less grand or imposing even at this late period, than when its bright hues and tints first met the eyes of the patriarch Noah. The rainbow on which we have so often gazed with admiration and delight. By imagination, man can behold the whole earth in the quiet possession of Noah and his family, and an universal serenity pervading all created nature. A quiet that might be likened to an universal sabbath, bland and serene, with nought to be heard save the songs and adorations of an inspired Noah and family rising on the gentle winds towards Heaven, and the silent praises of nature issuing forth in all the admonitional majesty of created purpose from every river, mountain, valley, plain and hill. Then broke forth the sun in the majesty of his strength, to enliven the scene—the moon fair empress of night followed to bless with her peerless brightness the lonely voyagers in their transit to earth from the bosom of mighty waters. “Then the gentle evening star came out in the quiet blue Heaven, and looked down upon earth to see whatever should happen in her watch,”—to behold and admire the unfeigned gratitude of Heaven's patriarch-pilgrim father, and be witness to his unearthly nocturnal devotions to his God.

Happy Noah ! Happy men of God ! Prophets, inspired sons of God ! The strength of the living God their strength, and all fear banished from the heart. How happy most assuredly must be the soul still under the droppings of redeeming grace—still within hearing of the still small voice of the Great I AM—still in communion with the enlightening spirit of Heavenly inspiration. O luxury incomparable. Luxury too lofty and extatic to be enjoyed rapturously by the minds, hearts and souls of finite beings here below, in the present existing construction of poor fallen nature.

“Life has its moments of strength and bloom—its bright moments of inspiration, in which the human artist, the painter of earthly life, seizes on and utters what is purest, most beautiful and divine. If, in our human life, we acted only then, if then all sacrifices were made, all victories won, there would be but little difficulty in life. But the difficult part is to preserve through a long course of years, the flame which has been kindled by inspiration only ; to preserve it while the storms come and go, while the everlasting dust—rain of the moment falls and falls ; to preserve it still and uniform, amid the unvarying changing of unvaried days and nights. To do this, strength from above is required ; repeated draughts from the fountain of inspiration, both for the great and the small—for all laborers on earth.”

By imagination the mind of man can soar aloft and range the illimitable fields of space, far, far beyond where the human eye has travelled—to where other suns and other moons beam with ineffable effulgence—where stars innumerable present themselves to view, and farther, to where he can lose sight of stars and suns and moons, and wander into the boundless oceans of eternal space and there set bounds to creation, and then ask the question, are these the bounds of creation ? There ask the question and imagination and reason will answer, take the years of the lives of all the successive generations of beings that have lived upon this earth multiplied by their number, and that amount multiplied by the generations which now inhabit and the generations which shall inhabit the world in the years of the future and that again multiplied by itself in miles, will be but a step towards calculating or measuring the extent of created space. What is like to the Almighty's wisdom, it is higher than heaven and deeper than hell, what can we do ? By what numbers can we state the length and breadth, height and depth of created space ! Vast and boundless creation, who is able to set land marks to limit thy immeasurable extent.

A desire to improve the mind is certainly no criminal desire, but a desire which deserves the highest encomium. However

arduous the task, if undertaken with zeal and persevered in with a due degree of ardency, there is every reason to hope that success will await an enterprize so laudable, honorable and serviceable to society. It is true, adversity acts as a great counterpoize and has a very great tendency to hang all our exertions in equilibrium with our means, but, this so far from discouraging us, ought to cause a redoubled exertion on our part! Skill in any art is acquired by frequent attempts and frequent attempts will make more easy and plain the paths of study. Unless we aim at perfection we never can attain to it.

To what heights of perfection have many persons arrived at in knowledge under all the disadvantages of birth and ill fortune by their unwearied diligence and application in study. Men too, who had to record their ideas on other materials than paper, when without the means to procure it. Are we to grope our way in the dark and that contentedly too, at such an immense distance behind those, whose advantages were little better than our own without making some advances toward the improvement of our intellectual faculties. Although adversity may blow a severe gale and yet a far more severe one, it is but an act of justice to ourselves that we endeavor to possess our minds in peace, calm and unruffled. Although the stormy winds of poverty may take away in a great measure that zest or relish of life for a length of time and cause life's pleasures to become vapid and insipid, the saturnian clusters of an intellectual harvest and autumn of fulness will be ours to enjoy eventually as the reward of steady and unyielding perseverance. That learning and knowledge, which are so desirable, are able to make easy and light our burden and will afford the mind numberless comforts and gratifications. We do know that adversity does place barriers in our way, barriers almost insuperable, and if a desire for cultivating the mind does not have a permanent seat in our minds and hearts when thus situated, it is not to be expected, that it would have if we possessed all the Peruvian wealth that ever has been wasted to our shores.

In the cultivation of our minds in order to our becoming scholars, many principles are involved. One grand principle however and which should present itself constantly to our view and by which we should be governed, is a knowledge of our want of knowledge. This leads me to an observation made by a distinguished scholar. "The first year (says he) that I went to school I knew all things, the second I knew something, but the last year I am free to confess I knew nothing." This is a very rank bud of ignorance which often enwraps the mind of man—a belief conceited as to possessed abilities. Nothing is more common than for a coxcomb dandy jack to swell like Æsop's Frog in en-

deavoring to equal the Ox in his laboring to convince the world that he can scan material and immaterial creation.

We generally find it true with men of great learning and abilities and who possess a great knowledge of persons and things that they are willing to make the acknowledgment that the more they study, the more they have to study, ere they can arrive at any thing like perfection in knowledge—that the more they know, the more ignorant they find themselves, or in other words, the more wide becomes the expanse of knowledge and wisdom as it is spread out before the eye of the mind.

On the other hand, how often do we see ignorant persons basking in the sun shine of prosperity, unconcious of inability, setting out in the world as proficient in knowledge, ready at all times and on all occasions to attempt an illustration of doctrines and principles of which they know nothing, or if they do, have merely acquired a superficial knowledge of and are not only misguiding but in fact are misguided. Confining themselves to a narrow range of thoughts and to a superficial idea of things in general, merely for the purpose of figuring in society, skipping like the idle bee from flower to flower, scarcely waiting long enough to taste their nectarine juices—for the purpose of figuring often in female society, for one *fool* of the kind, successful in a reception with an amiable and discerning young woman, twenty, yes more, go supperless to bed, which is to say, they go home disappointed, whistling or trying to whistle consolation by the way and prepare themselves for settling down with those of a cast with themselves and truly more their equals. The wise and amiable of the sex are not always so void of perception as to be caught with *chaff*.

Shall we find such conduct as this, flowing as the result arising from the cultivation of mind? I apprehend not. We ought to acquire as perfect a knowledge of one branch of education as possible before we attempt the acquirement of another.

What but the cultivation of mind, produced such living worthies as those, whose names are handed down from sire to son, the record of whose transcendent worth gilds the pages of history—the signers of the Declaration of Independence—the hard fighting life sacrificing yeomanry—the framers of our glorious Constitution and others not less eminent. Was it not the cultivation of a mind highly gifted of nature, that gave birth to the daring enterprize of an intrepid and magnanimous Columbus. None but a mind bold and inquiring, enriched by studying nature's laws could have framed so hazardous an enterprize—an enterprize which has given birth to two Republics, Republics in which Tyranny has been seen retreating in front of the grand armies of liberty. Republics, in which are to be found all that is desirable

in life. Republics, over which the broad stripes of Freedom and Independence are waving with unceasing splendor. Republics, where the mind of man can range free and unrestrained (except by those barriers which his Maker has established) as the winds of heaven. Republics in which we can behold the desert blooming as the rose and where, instead of the thorn and the thistle we can see cities, towns and villages emerging. Where instead of the savage aborigines that once inhabited our forests we can now see civilized and enlightened beings prosecuting schemes of active life.

What was it but the cultivation of mind that gave us the man in whom was blended all the endearing qualities of father, husband, brother and friend, of a statesman, a hero and a sage—Washington! the ever to be remembered father of our country. WASHINGTON! a name to which millions of grateful beings are willing to do homage. A name which the lisping babe entombs deep in its heart. A name held in respectful remembrance even by the enemies of our common country. A name which generations yet unborn will hail with pleasing emotions. Follow him through every lane of life. View him in childhood drinking deep of the crystal fountain of knowledge. View him in the field heroic and brave, yet mild and humane. View him on many occasions calling into action those energies of mind which alone could arrest the progress of a belligerent foe. He conducted our country through the many trials and perils of a devastating war. Was it not a highly cultivated mind that enabled him to draw his sword and to wield it so successfully and gloriously in her defence?

Washington! who was enabled by the guidance of a superintending Providence to conduct her at last in peace and safety to her empire seat of glory among the nations of the earth. Washington! who trampled ambition nobly underneath his feet, disdained a crown and who when he had toiled in his country's service for her glorious advancement, wealth and prosperity as a republic—until his head became blossomed with age descended to the tomb (to join the mighty patriotic dead that had on battlefields sacrificed their lives for their country,) leaving a nation to mourn his loss and to embalm his memory with their tears.

Every man it is true, cannot be an "admirable Crichton," but every man endowed with rationality has the power of improving his own mind greatly and of enlarging its capacities by industry in mental culture. There never was a man or a woman however lofty the genius, towering their minds or astounding their abilities or mental productions, but what, with a greater industry proportionate to opportunities could have soared to a height

immensely higher than was ever exhibited by any one man or woman since earth was first called forth into a glorious systematic order, out of its chaotic state.

From the course of life led by Crichton you will be led to exclaim with me, on what Arrarat's unattainable summit would that unheard of intellectual ark of scientific research have rested mid the eternal floodings of thought—of mind, had he lived to have ripened that mind by verging on the confines of but the sixtieth year of his age. A man for whom his contemporary opponents did acknowledge, "that he gave proofs of knowledge beyond the reach of man, and that it would require a hundred years without eating or sleeping of an ordinary mind to attain to the knowledge which he possessed."

James Crichton, was born in the town of Perth, in Scotland, 1560, and was murdered by his own pupil Vincentio di Gonzaga, who was son to the duke of Mantua a town of Italy in 1582. "His father was lord advocate of Scotland, in Queen Mary's reign, from 1561 to 1573; and his mother the daughter of Sir James Stuart, was allied to the family which then filled the Scottish throne.

Thus perished the admirable Crichton at the young age of twenty-two, Crichton the Solomon of the fifteenth century. Crichton, one of the greatest prodigies in uninspired nature (by a Divine spirit) that ever the world produced.

A writer justly observes that, "knowledge is a treasure of which study is the *key*," but Milton most "beautifully styles the righteousness of Christ,"

"the golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity."

What a glorious mind had been bestowed upon Crichton.—How great had been his studies, for he must have applied himself closely to study from his earliest youth, and how well cultivated no doubt had that mind been by earnest, anxious and affectionate preceptors. In the history of this man (to say little of others) what a lesson to the young of both sexes. They can behold to what an inconceivable height the human mind is susceptible of being carried by a sedulous application to books and to study; can behold how vastly great can be its rich, rare, beautiful, lofty and beneficial endowments at the hand of nature and nature's blessed God. What a lesson, the ill directed ambition of Crichton. To what a height it is asked, would the mind of Crichton have soared had he lived, and had that God for his God been constantly with him, whose storehouses are filled to overflowing with gifts inexhaustible and glorious. Gifts, the giving of which

impoverisheth him not, and the withholding of which enricheth him not. If he gave proofs of knowledge beyond the reach of man at the young age of twenty, what with perfection in all good as his grand aim—what with the Lord God as his blessing God and sure defence, and his Christ the Rock of Eternal Ages as his guide and constant protector and helper—what would his unfathomable knowledge been like at the age of sixty. A lofty pyramid of intellectual grandeur immeasurable by the sons of men. Wonderful dispenser of intellectual gifts and endowments of mind art thou, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, one God. Oh ! ill directed ambition how very destructive art thou to man.

Those Parents and Teachers bound to, and that undertakes to develop the resources of the human mind and to cultivate both mind and heart, with skill and ability, can they in their consequential *tom fool* severities, cruel as they are unjust, can they cultivate either mind or heart ? Impossible. Their own loud and boisterous *brawlings* and *caterwailings* are amply sufficient to not only produce opposite results to those intended, but results, direful, dreadful and calamitous in their consequences. It is a vulgar saying but no less applicable than it is true ; *trot* father and *pace* mother the child must *hobble*. Will this not apply, and well, to many of our youth destroying “ school-masters ” and school-mistresses ? verily it will, and they are as welcome to it as I fully intend it for their lasting benefit and the benefit of juveniles under them ; juveniles whom I would love to wrest from under the guardianship of such puffed up pretenders to that art which rightly exercised, will cultivate and expand the mind, enlarge and enrich the understanding, and school and better the heart.

Here let it be said that the influences of a competent and Godly mother in the education of youth very far surpasses the abilities and influences of fathers and tutors. Their culturing hand can never be justly compared with that of a fond, faithful, competent and holy mother. It is the mother after all who may be said to fashion and mould the heart and its every affection. It is the mother after all, that makes the man and that sits as earthly arbitress generally over his destiny here and hereafter.

Ladies and Gentlemen, humble as are my pretensions to learning and as are my abilities to saunter along in the pleasant, happy and flowery walks of polite literature, I must notwithstanding raise my voice in favor of a mother’s gentle, but powerful and efficient culturing hand. I owe it to a fond, faithful and God-fearing mother that I am what I am. Blest with a kind, indulgent and for the most part exemplary father, one not only capable to instruct as respects the theory of right, but able to instruct upon the score of his being a practical man in the ways of right ; yet

still to my mother as my instructress—to her culturing hand—her educational instructions over those of father, teachers (these however were few) and preachers (except the patriotic heaven fired and noble Dr. Davidson who was my patriotic school-master, an eminent Divine of the olden-day school) I am by far the most indebted. She it was that gave to my mind its first bias. She it was that cultivated my heart and its affections, and shaped (if I may use the expression) my course, and to her instrumentality alone I owe the enjoyment of the happiest and proudest day of my whole life, that of standing under the star spangled Eagle banner of my country's bright and exalted glory—along side of the mast on whose top was flung proudly to the breeze, the Columbian Flag, the flag of the free, the flag of the brave when sailing near and under the cannon of a British fortress in 1814. For that glorious privilege—that proud and happy day's enjoyment of my childhood, I am altogether indebted to my mother. Although not claiming to be a Samuel myself, I claim for that mother the honor of being the HANNAH* of my country who dedicated me from the womb to my COLUMBIA, and its eternal PRINCE and GOD.

Of her patriotic feelings as a woman it becomes me to speak. Her prayers to Heaven were constant for success to attend the American arms during the last war. That she was patriotic the following incidents out of many will fully prove.

When the Pennsylvania troops marched from Cumberland, Franklin and Adams counties, Pa., and encamped for the night, seven miles north of Pittsburg, a great snow laid upon the ground in that region of country and the weather was extremely cold. My father's residence was at the distance of a mile and a quarter from the Franklin road and from where the troops had formed their encampment.

My father started over to the road in order to make search for some of his acquaintances, and take them to his house. My mother permitted my eldest brother, Robert, and myself to go over to the encampment, and bade us to bring all we could get to come along over home with us, stating that she would entertain them in some way or other and be able to make them far more comfortable than they could be in their tents, such weather as then existed. We returned home before night and by our addition to the number my father had taken home, my brother and myself swelled it to sixteen or seventeen in all.

My mother in expectation of having a number of patriotic guests had busied herself in making preparation from the time we had left home until we returned again, and was not long be-

*The maiden name of the author's mother before marriage was Hannah Smith.

fore she seated the above number of soldiers at her table, which I know well was spread with not only the best in the house, but the best that could be procured within a convenient distance in the neighborhood.

After supper she made beds for them on the lower floor of the house, and had wood provided and the fires kept up the whole night. After her soldier guests retired to rest, she set herself to work and during the whole night she baked bread, boiled, roasted and fried fowls, fish and meats of different kinds, and by daylight in the morning she had made an equal division of her night's labors, and had plenty of victuals stowed away in each soldier's knapsack. This done, instead of seeking rest in sleep (for she closed not her eyes the livelong night) she commenced her labors anew, that of baking, boiling and stewing, and at an early hour in the morning seated her guests again at table in their partaking of her breakfast, after which, she sent them off to camp with her blessing made hallowed with the tears of a patriotic mother.

Some of these were in the hottest of actions in Canada, but were restored to their homes by the mercies of God, ever rich in their execution.

When my father (shortly after) was about to move on to camp, my mother would not hear to a separation, but, upon one condition, and that was, that myself then a small boy, should accompany him. He consented, and when we started she placed me up with her own hands behind my father upon the same horse with himself, and in this way, I rode the distance of one hundred and thirty miles to camp, bad as the condition of the roads were, on the frontiers after the breaking up of the winter.

If I am to be viewed as passing encomiums upon my mother without a motive other than that of, an eagerness to praise her, let me go one step further, and hold her up as an ensample to all other mothers in their high and imperitive duties to their children—to their country and to their God.

To my mother I am indebted—that my heart is better than those of other people I do not pretend to state, for I am like the best of Divines, not a whit better than I should be. But of my mother's labors I am about to speak, and not of my own goodness. Her early ambition was to reach my heart in its infantile state, coeval with my lisping of her name—*Mother*, I possessed at her hands a knowledge of many portions of scripture and with my first recollections, I recollect perfectly well, that among those portions was, the beautiful, sweet and highly prized twenty third psalm of David, (Rouse's version) and which I have never yet forgotten at any period of my life, since my mind was first stored with it by one of the most fond and faithful of mothers in my earliest infancy.



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